

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

SIXTY THIRD VOLUME

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No. 41 TEMPLE PLACE.

For The Companion AGAINST HEAVY ODDS.

IN LOGIC CHAPTERS—CHAPTER III

The Great Invention.

In a large room which had once served for a hay-loft Ingomar had his workshop. The stable, which had once housed half a dozen fine animals, was now inhabited by one ancient and solitary dog whose folder was kept in a neighboring stall, and the remaining stalls were used by the young inventor for storage of his models and other treasures. For Ingomar was a boy to whom everything is of interest. He was indefatigably busy from morning till night.

He had been a trifle spoiled, perhaps, by his father, who had perfect confidence in him, and who found little time to occupy himself with his son's education.

Ingomar's mother had died four years ago, leaving a little daughter named Magda, who was now nine years old.

Four other sisters and brothers had died in early infancy; for it takes a very strong child to survive one of the terrible Arctic winters, when for two months the sun never peeps above the horizon, and storm and darkness hold sway in the heavens above, and on the earth below.

The room above the stable, where Ingomar spent his happiest hours, was more like an inventor's laboratory than an artisan's workshop. There was, to be sure, a turning-lathe in a corner, and a variety of tools were visible in a rack on one wall. But the most conspicuous object was a small hearth, like that of a forge, with bellows and a chimney that pierced the roof. Ingomar had partly built this himself, with the aid of a mason's apprentice who was his friend.

Suspended under the roof and on shelves about the walls were stuffed sea-birds of many kinds, and seals, weasels, martens and foxes. For Ingomar's first enthusiasm, when he was four years younger, had been taxidermy, and he had acquired considerable skill in this art, and earned some money by the sale of his most specimens to English and American tourists. In order to guard against fire he had covered the floor with a layer of crushed sea-shells, and the walls with asbestos paper.

Here in this delightful room, which was all his own, Ingomar was seated, one morning, about a month after his visit to Tobias Trulson. With one hand he was slowly working the bellows, while in the other he held a book on chemistry, in which he was eagerly reading. A wooden model, about a foot long, of a swivel gun was standing on a table near the window, illuminated by two whale-oil lamps which were attached to the wall.

The boy's face, as he turned it toward the light, was blackened with soot and flushed with excitement. His entire person, from the chin down, was covered with a leathern apron, such as smiths wear.

With an exclamation of impatience he flung down the book and began to walk up and down the floor. The light of the two lamps did not radiate much beyond the forge and the table, and all the rest of the room was in twilight; for the dark season had now begun, and all over the town the window-shades were pulled down and the yellow flames of the candles glimmered all day long through the chinks of the shutters.

It was latter cold without, and the wind swept fiercely around the corners of the house. The steady humming of the stove sometimes rose to a roar, and sometimes ceased suddenly when the wind dashed down the chimney and flung a fiery tongue from the draft-hole out into the room.

The ice on the window-panes was almost thick enough to make the shades superfluous, and the cotton batting which had been stuffed into the chinks, and the serpentine sand-bags which guarded against drafts, were covered with half an inch of hoar-frost.

Ingomar stopped abruptly in his march and stared with kindling eyes at his gun model. "I have it!" he cried, joyously, and made a leap across the floor. "A bomb is the thing! Hurrah for the bomb!"

He was so absorbed that he failed to hear the creaking of the stairs and the sound of heavy footsteps. But he could not fail to hear the

thump on the door, which nearly shook it out of its frame; nor fail to see the big, brawny figure in oil-clothes which presently filled the doorway.

"Who's there?" cried Ingomar, anything but happy to be disturbed.

"It's me," answered a voice out of the dusk.

"Well, what do you want, Tobias?" asked Ingomar, instantly recognizing the voice.

The broad, weather-beaten figure lumbered forward, and pulling off a huge mittens, stretched out a dark-brown, horny paw.

"Let us be friends, lad," he said, when Ingomar hesitated to grasp his hand. "I can't get along without you; you can't get along without me."



THE HARPON GUN.

"Don't be so sure of that, Tobias," the boy answered; "if you are so violent as you were the other night, I don't know but I should be better off without you."

"Don't say that, lad, don't say it!" pleaded the mate. "I reckon I was pretty nasty, and I feel mighty mean about it now. But you and me—we was sort of grooved up together—though it was you as did the growing; but I have been so miserable since you turned your back on me that I'll do anything you like, only so as we be friends as we was afore."

Ingomar looked up into the sailor's big, coppery face, and its deeply troubled look touched him.

"All right, Tobias," he said, now pressing his hand, which felt like a piece of tanned leather, "we'll let bygones be bygones."

"Thankee, lad, thankee! I do make a new man of me to see ye brightenin' up a bit."

"Sit down, Tobias; you can talk while I work. I have a little experiment here which I can't very well drop."

"Let's have a look at it."

"Mind you, munn's the word, Tobias."

"Don't you be afraid of me, sonny; I ain't the baddin' kind."

The boy pulled a small harpoon out of the smoldering fire on the hearth, and in his eagerness thrust it up under the mate's nose. Tobias started back, but recovered himself and began to inspect the weapon.

"That isn't made right," said he.

"Just so," ejaculated Ingomar; "that's just the point."

"Why have you made it hollow?"

"Listen to me, Tobias. You know you said a third of the whales caught, on an average, went to the bottom, and that this third was apt to make the difference between profit and loss. Now this harpoon is made hollow, because it is to contain a bomb, which, when it explodes, will generate gas. And this gas will buoy the whale up and prevent him from sinking."

"But who's to explode the bomb? Ye can't get inside the whale with a fuse, or anything of that kind."

"The whale himself is to explode it. The rope

which is attached to the harpoon is to be connected with a wire running through the hollow shaft, and the first pull the whale gives will burst the bomb and fill his insides with a gas which will make his huge, lumbering carcass ten per cent. lighter."

The young inventor, carried along by his ideas, gazed in joyous excitement at his friend, challenging him with his eager eyes to find more objections if he could. The mate, in the meanwhile, scratched his head meditatively, and looked, half-embarrassed, about the walls.

"Now suppose that is all right," he began, at last, "who is to fire yer light harpoon, which,

ing up with some embarrassment, said, "Why, Master Ingomar, there aint anybody down in our part of town as has enough to eat. Some days, when we can put to sea and catch some fish or kill a seal, we manage to keep soul and body together; but when the weather is too rough, as it generally is at this season, we have to starve."

"But can't you get credit at Prebensen's?"

"No; Prebensen won't give credit any more unless a man's got something to mortgage. And pretty much all the town is mortgaged to him by this time down our way."

"Come along with me, Tobias; though we haven't much ourselves, nowadays, I'll get you something. The trouble is, every one who is refused at Prebensen's comes to us; and father is too soft-hearted to send anybody away empty-handed."

They descended the stairs together and passed through the stable into the courtyard. The wind had now gone down, the sky was glittering with innumerable stars, and the Aurora Borealis flashed its pink and yellow sheets of light from the horizon toward the zenith.

Though it was but a little after noon, not a ray of sunlight was anywhere visible; but for all that, there was a dazzling splendor in the scene which the sun could scarcely have rivalled. Each separate star twinkled and shone with an intenser brilliancy than it ever attains in our temperate zone, and the Milky Way, with its myriad luminous hosts, poured down upon the earth a flood of radiance.

Ingomar and his friend entered by the back door of the store.

Said with the man of the salt fish, big barrels filled with salt mackerel and herring stood before the counter; coils of rope lay under the shelves, and green, brown and yellow boxes were stowed away in little square compartments, exhibiting a sample nail, or screw, or fish-hook.

It was an unpretentious country store, where you might without inpropriety ask for anything, from a suit of oil-clothes to a bottle of medicine.

There was a shrill little bell over the door, which announced each customer that entered or departed, and kept up a needless racket after the door was closed.

"Father," cried Ingomar to an elderly man with a kindly, careworn face, who stood writing at a desk, "Tobias says his children have nothing to eat. Haven't we got something to give him?"

"My dear boy," answered his father, looking up from his writing, "we shall soon be no better off than Tobias. I have given away the better part of my stock because the distress of the people moved me. Now I can get credit no more myself, and then there's an end of everything."

The boy gazed at the mournful face of his father, and his grief cut him to the heart. Why should he allow him to be sad when he had it in his power to cheer him? He had always looked up to him, believing him to be the noblest of men.

"Father," he said, stepping up to the older man and putting his hand affectionately on his shoulder, "what would you say if I told you that some day you would again be the richest man in Vardoe?"

Mr. Vang, feeling the enthusiasm which trembled in his voice, gave a start of surprise, but in the next moment smiled sadly and unsuited.

"I should say, my dear, that you had been dreaming. I have been in the race, and the hard part of it is that I have been routed by fond dreams which I would never condescend to see in reality. A scoundrel had that advantage over an honest man, that he can fight him with weapons which his enemy would scorn to make use of."

"But you only wait, father," ejaculated the boy, with blazing eyes, "and we'll fight him with a weapon which he won't have the wit to make use of."

"What kind of a weapon is that?"

"A swivel gun."

"What, my dear boy? I hope you are joking."

"Not at all. It is a new kind of harpoon gun I have invented."

"But, Ingomar, my son," cried Mr. Vang,

Annie B. Skinner Jang

with alarm in his face, "You surely are not thinking of doing him bodily harm?"

"Bodily harm? No, indeed!" Ingomar flung his head back and burst into a ringing peal of laughter. "Why, father," he shouted, "you didn't imagine I wanted to harpoon Prebensen, did you?"

"Well, what else was I to suppose?" The son had to have his laugh out, and Tobias, as usual he saw the point, had to join him.

"I wouldn't mind myself having a crack at him," said the mate, "and I shouldn't have half as much on my conscience as he has. How many a ship he has sent to sea knowing them to be nothin' but a floatin' coffin! And when the news came that she had gone down, the widders put on weeds and the children cried for bread, and he let 'em starve, and pocketed ten or twenty thousand dollars insurance for killin' them. It don't seem somehow right to be livin' quietly in a world where such things do happen. There's his brig, the *Valrus*, a rickety old concern that had been condemned; but he manages somehow to get certificates of sea-worthiness, and sends her with whalebone and oil to Hull!"

Mr. Vaug, without making any reply, beckoned the mate aside, put up a loaf of bread and other provisions in a package, and bade him good-by.

"Do you know, Ingomar," he said to his son as he returned to his desk, "I have sometimes thought it my duty to warn Prebensen."

"I wouldn't do anything of the sort!" ejaculated Ingomar, hotly.

"I am not so sure of that," his father answered, thoughtfully. "He does not come in contact with the people as I do, and he does not know how they feel toward him."

"Then let him take the consequences of his own misdoings."

"If he were the only one who would suffer perhaps that might not be out of the way; but the fact is, the whole town suffers. The welfare of all is in the hands of that one unwhipped man."

They walked into the dining-room and sat down to lunch. When they had finished eating, Ingomar took his skates and a pitch torch, ready for lighting, and persuaded his father to go with him down on the pier. The old gentleman, who loved nothing better than his son's society, was readily coaxed to look up the store, and, wrapped from head to foot in fur-lined overcoat, they started out together.

The moon had now risen, and showed its calm, bright face above the eastern horizon.

Though the air was still, a kind of icy breath rose from the ground with a tinkle-like chill in it which penetrated all garments. Father and son walked rapidly through the quiet streets down toward the frozen harbor, whence they heard snatches of song and shouts of merriment. On account of the tides and currents it was rarely that the Sound froze hard enough for skating, and young people would not allow such an opportunity for enjoyment to escape them.

Toward the north the arctic borealis was blazing and shooting forth long, fan-like beams which swept across the sky. In this magic illumination the ice lay outspread like a huge steel-blue mirror, reflecting the ruddy sheen of torches and the swiftly moving figures of boys and girls.

It was a very pretty sight, and Ingomar's heart gave a bound of delight. With a shout he leaped down the steps of the pier, flung off his overcoat, fastened his skates on his feet, lighted his torch, and darted out upon the glittering surface.

His father remained standing on the pier, watching with admiration his dexterous turns and daring gymnastics. Suddenly, like a flash, while he was going at full speed, he flung himself about and darted away backward in undulating lines, swinging his torch about his head, and challenging every boy on the ice to race with him.

He found presently that some one had accepted his challenge, but it was not a boy. It was Ragua Prebensen.

She wore a blue hood edged with swan's-down, and a tight-fitting cloak of the same color, lined with ermine.

"Ingomar," she said, breathlessly, stretching out her hand to him, "why do you run away from me?"

"I thought we were racing," he answered.

"You didn't think anything of the sort," she replied, with an injured air.

"Well, you know you and I are not to talk to each other," he remarked, after a pause.

"You needn't talk if you don't want to; but we are going to have a torchlight quadrille on skates. Will you dance with me?"

Ingomar was greatly tempted to accept the invitation given so frankly, and with such sincerity.

"But your father will not like it," he urged, dubiously.

"Leave that to me. I'll make it up with my father."

"All right, then. Here I am!" He seized her hand, fell quickly into step with her, and darting rhythmically to the right and to the left, carried her along at such speed that the ice looked like a series of white and blue lines which came rushing madly toward them.

"Hurrah, this is life!" cried Ingomar, whirling his torch in the air so that the sparks flew like fiery snakes about them.

"Take care, you'll smudge my hood!" she cried.

"Oh, never mind the hood!"

They came to a standstill in the middle of the Sound, where about thirty or forty young people stood ready to begin the dance. The boys were dressed in short, fur-trimmed jackets and fur caps, and carried lighted torches.

"Hurrah, there is Ingomar!" cried a chorus of voices. "You lead, Ingomar, with Ragua Prebensen."

"All right!" said Ingomar. "Take your places! and you, girls, will commence the song when I raise my torch like this."

In five minutes more the boys and girls were arranged in two long lines on the ice, and at a signal from Ingomar the girls began to sing. It was the dance known in Norway as the *Fransoise*, in which any number of couples may participate. It resembles in its figures the *Lancers*, or an enlarged quadrille, in which there are many couples, instead of one on each side of the square.

The older people, who stood on the piers or promenaded along the shore, enjoyed the beautiful sight from a distance. The flickering torches, with their long, trembling reflections, the variegated lines of the dancers skating forward and backward, the rhythm with the song, the steady flash of the skates, the vast glittering surface of the ice and the great dark-blue dome of the sky united into a picture to be remembered.

Mr. Vaug, after having watched with pride his son's skill on the skates, began to walk up and down on the pier, in order to keep his blood in motion. He had just reached the sea-booths when a girl projected, when by chance he found himself face to face with Consul Prebensen. His first impulse was to pass him by without appearing to observe him, but Tobias's story about the *Valrus*, and many similar stories which he had heard from other quarters, inclined him rather to seek an interview with his enemy.

"Good-day, Consul!" he said, lifting his cap.

"Good-day, Mr. Vaug!" the Consul replied, with an air of condescension. "I hope you are well, sir."

He, holding out two fingers, which Mr. Vaug found it prudent to press.

They talked for a few minutes about indifferent things, and when once the ice was broken, Vaug steered skilfully toward the subject which he had at heart.

"I hope you won't take it ill, Consul," he said, "but as an older man, who had the honor of being your first employer, I may perhaps be permitted to speak to you frankly."

Prebensen growled something in return, which might be taken for either permission or refusal.

"You do wrong, Consul," Vaug continued, warmly, "in treating your sailors so harshly. You get your wealth out of their labor. I think you would find it for your own profit to extend their credit in bad years like the present. A man of your wealth and position can't afford to let men starve at his door."

"Mr. Vaug," Prebensen replied, staring at his former employer with a pinched, ugly look, "I shall be obliged if you'll leave me to manage my business for myself. I pay my people what I agree to pay them. They don't work for me for nothing. They are at liberty to go elsewhere if they can secure better terms."

"Well, what does that liberty amount to, Mr. Prebensen? You are now the only man here who owns ships and is rich enough to fit out boat-guirls for the fisheries. The people are too poor to go elsewhere, and you practically make your own terms."

"I don't do business on sentimental principles," the Consul made haste to answer. "You tried that, and we all see the result. I am a practical man, and regard only business principles."

"But remember, Mr. Prebensen," Vaug rejoined, ignoring the offensive allusion, "they are God's creatures; they are human beings like you and me."

"Indeed! Well, they may be like you, but they are not like me!" snarled the Consul.

"Take care, Consul, take care!" cried Vaug, earnestly. "I have given you warning. If you disregard it, you will live to rue it. These poor people whom you despise are, if they unite, a

hundred times stronger than you. They are now at your mercy, but the day may come when you will be at their mercy."

HAILMAR HARTH BOYLSSEN.
(To be continued.)

THE FISHER'S SONG.

"A long sweep, haul, and a strong sweep, boys,
And a song as strong with
For the hearts that yearn for home return,
When the evening sun is low."
—Samuel Cowen.

For the Companion.

UNCLE BEN'S WEDDING SHOES.

In the old time before the war Aunt Becky had a house of her own, a little white cottage just back of my father's house. She lived in the style, gave her Sunday dinners, and "took on" as the other darlings said, "same lak de wite folks."

I well remember the paint rooms, the best bedroom, with its four-posted bed and its mountain of quilts, the curbs at the windows made of "good-bait" calico, and the one-bottomed chairs; but Aunt Becky's own, every-day bedroom was my favorite place. There I used to sit after hour nursing pennants or sugar-cure, and listening to Aunt Becky's tales, or to the music of her "old man Abe."

Abe was a character, and his humor and his songs, together with his bushy hair and his "yearn hoahs," as Aunt Becky called them, were important features around our home.

There was a time when Aunt Becky had been cleaning house for a week, and I had kept away as long as I could, but this evening came when I felt that I must have her help about the patchwork, so I ran into her house through the kitchen door. But I stopped there when the sound of voices came to me.

"Din's dem breeches ain't lud no less'n so'n's coats, en de las' one mighty high gone! I say dat lazy nigger'll war dem breeches 'bout no sent 'fo' I'll patch 'em agin!"

"Who is with Aunt Becky?" I wondered.

Then she went on:

"Dat Jim-crow! Why, honey, dat Jim-crow ant teched Alee's hair no day 'cep' Sunday sence he been teched! Monday mornin' he waxes his hair inter two rolls, en dis 'son wite strings, en dis day stays, en he ant 'bolder' his head longer no Jim-crow 'dinin' de week. Right after he done put dinner on 'sunday I sees him 'gin ter humer up, en switch some' after he ran his buttler, den I knows w'at's er comin'! He ups en outwises his knuts, en kyndis en kyndis till his hair's dem natty stuns' out en kivers de face er de yuth; den he gits his 'sto' elace on, en his year hoahs, en out he puts, en de tant'ny knows whar he gwinter fetch up 'fo' mawin'."

Aunt Becky stopped, and I heard some one ask a question which I could not understand.

"Ef you knowed all dey is to know 'bout dese hyer elace er nite, yo' pop eyes 'ud be popper'n dan w'at dey is."

The person to whom Aunt Becky was talking was only Charlotte, our little unadorned girl, on I opened the door and walked in. Aunt Becky heard me, but she did not turn round as she spoke.

"No eavesdroppers nint niver heard no gaud er deyseives yit, en folks w'at walks on cut's feets is pitty sho' ter hear w'at nint ment fer dey years!"

"What do you mean, Aunt Becky?" I asked.

"Why, honey, is you dar?" she said, turning around and pretending to be very much surprised. "I wuz des er 'provin' er Charlotte's sassiness, comin' en askin' me whar 'bout my elace come fum?"

As she spoke she took up a blue and gray plaid silk, and began to smooth it out on the bed.

"Dis hyer frock wuz, int' me seed good times, fer sho'." Miss Emily gin me dis fer w'at ter sh' den in Delphy's wedding!"

"When did Uncle Ben get married?" I asked, for I knew we were to have a story now.

"Why, yer see, honey, Marse Hill's nigger cabins jime up mighty close ter de master's niggers, en Delphy's cabin is de nighes' one disaway. An ole Ben he wuz alius er totin' his tools en his hoe pos' Delphy's window, tell 'w'at'n long 'fo' he shute sot eyes on her, en dey wuz 'ginnin' ter teire. Titt dat look nighly funny ter see den twa ole niggers settin' round de chimney speakin'."

"Kaze Delphy wuz thieral sixty, en ole Ben wuz evy nite er sixty too, but dey tuck on same lak dey wuz sixteen en twenty. Delphy wuz er babbin' her 'bout his away en dat a wuz, en ole Ben tuck ter kyardin' his hair 'n'mos' evy night."

"Well, dey wedding wuz big terah. Ko'y nigger w'at got er lavite wuz boum' ter go, en no'n dat dey wuz houn' ter dress him, too. Marse Sam he gin ole Ben de wedding' suit en er pair er shoes, but dar's des 'zackly wuz de trouble wuz. Ole Ben wuz one er dese hyer bar-foot niggers vlem ter de backhane, en he 'lowed ter Delphy up en down dat he w'at'n give ter w'at den shoes."

"Delphy she came er flyin' over here one day, en 'lowed ter me dat she nint gwinter stin' up longer no bar-foot nigger, en she sho' see no way fer ter git dem shoes on ter ole Ben's foots."

"'Ef ter grashus!" says I, "don't you have no posternat 'bout dem shoes, Delphy? You des want er git dem shoes over ter yo' cabin, den w'en de wedding' nigh come, en ole Ben gits der, you fetch out de shoes, en tell him dey ain't no bar-foot nigger gwinter stin' up 'long-side er you, en int' yo' wedding' cake!" I lay de chest 'fo' fetch him."

"'Twas dat Delphy didn't post-ate de ben mo' 'bout de shoes, en dey wuz befe ez phrasin' 'er er basket er rups. Miss' Hill gin Delphy one er dese hyer yaller hilt sicks wid' pin-leafs on it, en er leud-hack-kerber w'at des went wid' it."

"W'en de wedding' nigh come, I went down ter Delphy's house 'long 'bout sundown ter fix de bride, en I wuz 'how dat Delphy look nighly fine dat night. Dat yaller hilt sicks nigh nigh only yer maw' water, en de leud-hack-kerber wuz silk, too."

"Delphy she 'lowed dat dey w'at'n induly gwinter kerber der shoe on band leud-hack-kerber on, wedding' on wechlin', en hit tuck me on Miss' Hill but ter keep her from kiverin' out der foot wuz er wite apen. Delphy 'lowed dat hit look lak she felt um' int'wud wid er apen on, but she tuck'n left it off rather'n 'spite houn' er on Miss' Hill."

"'After de midlik' wuz all done up, en de pigs fed

en de cows watered, de niggers 'gan ter slick up en git ready fer de lafer. After we done git Delphy fix up, 'twon't long 'fo' we heard er knock at de front door, en Delphy 'gan ter titter en giggle en 'how, 'Dahs! Ben, I reckon!"

"Den I tuck er look out de window, en sho' 'nuff dar stood de ole nigger dressed up w'at's a murder av er Sunday. Kev'n kint er h'at wuz kyurful on, en one er murder's ole hower hats wuz settin' on top er his head. His 'sto' elace wuz bran', 'spokin' new, en mo'n dat he lud on er b'iled shirt en ruffin'."

"'Bot, grashus, honey, den a de de b'atun dar sot his ole black feet spural out d'at'er'n er pancke on de de'staps. I des tuck'n reth under de bol en fetch out de shoes."

"Now, Delphy," says I, "you des leenie 'loue. I gwine fix ole Ben."

"'Wid dat I walks ter de do' en opens it er crack. 'Gaud-evin', Ben," says I.

"'Hovely, Aunt Becky," says I. 'Aint yer gwine ter let me in?"

"Delphy's puttin' de rape 'jes-samines loud de wedding' cake," says I, "en she sont me wid de shoes, Ben, so yer w'at'n make no bar-foot niggers cross ter front door. Des set right hand on de do'step en put on de shoes w'at I goes in look after de roas' shont er mawin'."

"'I didn't glee Ben no time ter say nuthin', but I tuck'n drap de shoes right on de do'step, en de ole nigger en shot de do' en battin it on de inside. Den I tuck my stin' by de window fer ter watch 'im."

"'Fast he tuck off his leaver hat en scratched his head en stood lookin' down at de shoes; en bless yer soul, honey! he wuz dat mad dat he couldn't scarcely move. He kep' er mumblin' en mumblin' at scratchin' his head, but he nint move yit."

"'Patty soon he shuffled round er little en den up went his foot, en he gin dem shoes er kick w'at sont 'em flyin'. Den he turns round mighty mad en start fer de gate."

"'Wid dat I goes er little way off'n de winder en hollers out."

"Delphy, dish hyer mighty fine chicken salad w'at Miss' Belle sont, en Miss' Emily done empty de putr wine bottle in dish hyer syllabub."

"'Nex' time I look out de winder ole Ben'n nigher de house den w'at he wuz, en I seed him lookin' round de y'all lak he huntin' dem shoes."

"Den I hollers out again:

"Delphy, Ben's gwinter kyarve de shont, aint he? I tuck me better jist de roas'n years en de chicken salad along-side er him too. I char ter grashus! dish hyer table's dat full dat I couldn't hoke no mo'!"

"'Dat done hit, honey, de fak I knowed it would. Nex' time I look out de winder Ben en de shoes wuz settin' on de do'staps unkin' frens, en hit w'at'n long 'fo' I hound n'er knock at de do'."

"'Lordy, Ben," says I, "I mighty nigh fergot yer, t'been dat busy wid de supper table."

"Well, honey, but wuz patty to hear dem niggers creek, en ter watch ole Ben walk in 'em, but de shoes wuz er gold'n er by dis time, en 'twon't long 'fo' de preacher come, en marster er Miss' Emily en de children en Marse Hill's folks, en den de wedding' tuck'n."

"'Yen may say w'at yer please, honey, but dat wuz er mighty fine time. De preacher wuz er freck er ole Ben's, en he wuz av er dese hyer reachin' backwood-zorters (exhorters). Dey w'at'n no upity wuz 'bout him, en his ole june cloze looked mighty funny binger de bride en groom. First thing he 'low wuz:

"'H'er! Ben en Sis Delphy jine hands; den w'at ax de Lord's blessin'!"

"Den off he went inter one er dese hyer camp-martin' prirs. After dat he gin 'em er talk 'bout how dey hatter ark w'en dey wuz married, des same lak dey w'at'n gwine on so'mity (seventy)."

"'After de wedding' wuz over de wite folks shuck hums wid de bride en groom en den went out en tuck a look at de supper-table, but dey wouldn't eat nuthin', kaze dey 'low dat as niggers could eat all dey wuz, kaze dey wuz er fan, honey, kaze after de wite folks wuz gone de niggers 'an looser fer sho' dat night."

"'We had er whole roas' shont fer supper, en roas'n years en w'at'n looses en m'w'melous en cake en candy en buem er greens en fitters, en we niver puz by de ash-cake, kaze dat wuz one er ole Ben's punnices. In Miss' Belle she made er whole mess er chicken salad, en Miss' Emily whapped up de cream fer er syllabub, en Miss' Hill made de bride's cake en put er gale-ring inside."

"'Twas de lily cut de cake fast, but she didn't get no ring. Den evry nigger batter cut de bride's cake en Mandy she 'gat de ring, kaze her en one er Miss' Maxwell's niggers wuz keepin' company, en sho' nuff dey wedding' wuz nex'."

"'After supper de louse got too little en hot en we went out inter de y'all fer de dauncin'. Dey wuz er light'loud fire blazin' out dar, en patty soon de reel wuz callid."

"'Aber wuz er rattlin' de boues en hollerin' de steps, so I tuck'n chit in w'id one er de young niggers, en fast thing I knowed I looked up en seed Ben in Delphy come prandin' down de line wid Ben's ole fat foots er free en easy ez ef dey hadn't been no shoes in dis w'at."

"'I t'you'd er bin Alee! says I ter myself, 'you'd er kep' dem shoes on dis one nigh anyhow. But me en Delphy nint look no er crumder 'bout dat!"

"'Well, honey, dey w'at'n many steps dat we didn't dance dat night. Fast it wuz dis one den it wuz dat, en dar wuz Aber er rattlin' de boues en hollerin', en me hollin' 'maw' ez spy ez ter blue jay wid de flumber-er nigger in de dot."

"'Long tules mawin' Ben en Delphy wuz des untally piked up en toted off ter dey cabin, but dey didn't none us ez git much sleep dat night, but dey nint been no wedding' on de d'ner lak it seeme. But wuz one er dese hyer ole times w'at yer don't see dese days."

Here Aunt Becky stopped. Her story was ended, but Charlotte and I sat still for a few moments until Aunt Becky spoke again.

"I reckon Miss' Emily's down an her hair's en Kuers scrubb'n lak er nigger."

"Why, Aunt Becky?" I asked.

"'Kaze Charlotte been down hyer hair, er free en easy time all de evenin', en de wuk houn' ter go on. Ef dey nint no little nigger up ter de big house ter do it, Miss' Emily's niter p'ch in er wuk houn'!"

There was enough for Charlotte. She sprang through the door and down the kitchen steps and was away across the yard in a moment. As I started more



looked, and Becky dipped her hand into a bag that lay near the chimney and brought it out full.

"Hyer, honey, hie-out yer mug for dese goobers. Now chie's right outen hyer en don't er be bodderin' me no mo'!"

Helen E. Kendrick.

WHICH IS BETTER?

Does any one like a drizzling rain
As well as sunny sky?
Does any one turn to a fine bright face
If a pleasant one is high?

—Gladys Days.

For the Companion.

TALES FROM THE LUMBER CAMP.

The Hunt of the Opossum.

He was a mean-looking specimen, this Simon Gilsey, and the Gornish camp was not proud of him. His neck was long, his mouth was long and protruding, like a bird's beak, his hair was thin and colorless, his shoulders sloped in such a manner that his arms, which were long and lean, seemed to start from somewhere near his waist.

His body started forward from the hips, and he used his hands in a deprecating fashion that seemed to beseech so much recognition as might be conveyed in a passing kick.

He was muscular to a degree that would never be guessed from his look, but the camp was possessed with a sense of shame at tolerating his presence, and protected its self-respect by reminding him continually that he was considered beneath contempt.

Simon seemed quite unconscious of the indifference between the truth and a lie. It was not that he lied from malice—the hands said he hadn't "stunk" enough to know what malice was—but sheer animal obliquity led him to lie by preference, unless he saw reason to believe that the truth would conciliate his comrades.

He used to steal tobacco and other trifles whenever he found a good opportunity; and when he was caught his repentance was that of fear rather than of shame.

At the same time, the poor wretch was thoroughly courageous in the face of some physical and external dangers. The poorest man in camp could cow him with a look, yet none was prompter than he to face the grimace of a bear, and there was no cooler hand than his in the risky labors of stream-driving. Altogether he was a disagreeable problem to the lumbermen, who resented any element of pluck in one so meanly and unengagedly as he was.

In spite of their contempt, however, they could not have done without this cringing animal. He did small moral services for his fellows, was ordered about at all times inconspicuously, and bore the blame for everything that went wrong in the Gornish camp.

When one of the hands was in a particularly bad humor, he could always find some relief for his feelings by kicking Gilsey in the shins, at which Gilsey would but make an uneasy protest, showing the conspicuous absence of his upper front teeth.

Then again the Gornish camp was wonderfully inured. The hands were much addicted to practical jokes. It was not always wholesome to play these on each other, but Gilsey afforded a safe object for the ingenuity of the lackwounds.

For instance, whenever the men thought it was time to "chop a fellow down," in default of a greenhorn from the older settlements, they would select Gilsey for the victim, and order that reluctant scoundrel up to the tree-top. This was much like the hunting of a time fox, as far as exclamation and manliness were concerned, but sport is sport, and the men would have their fun, with the headless brutality of primitive nature.

This diversion, though rough and dangerous, is never practiced, save on green hands or new visitors, but all vices fail to dry weather, and for Gilsey no traditions held. When he had climbed as high as his tormentors thought fit—usually just as high as the top of the tree—a couple of vigorous chopps would immediately attack the tree with their axes.

As the tall trunk began to teeter with a sickening hesitation, Gilsey's eyes would stick out and his thin hair seem to stand on end, for to this torture he never grew accustomed. Then, as the men yelled with delight, the noise of the axes would sweep down with a soft, steady crash into the snow, and Gilsey, pale and nervous, but without that unflinching toothless smile, would pick himself out of the debris and shrink off to camp.

The men usually teased him after such an experience with a couple of plugs of "black-jack" tobacco—which seemed to him ample compensation.

In camp at night, when the hands had all gone to bed, two or three wakeful ones would sometimes get up to have a smoke in the twilight. Such a proceeding almost always resulted in a skulking of which Simon would be the universal object. Perhaps the wretched creature would go to the cook's log-barrel, fill his mouth with dry flour, and then, cowering to the shuddering Simon's bunk, would blow the dusty stuff in a soft, thin stream all over the sleeper's face and hair and seraglio neck. This process was called "blowing him," and was executed in a huge diversion.

On soft nights, when the camp was hot and damp, it made, of course, a sufficiently nasty mess in the victim's hair, but Gilsey, by contrast, seemed rather to enjoy it. It never woke him up.

If the joker's mood happened to be more hostile, the approved procedure was softly to uncover Gilsey's feet, and to lay a long bit of salamander twine to each big toe. After waking all the other hands, the conspirators would retire to their bunks.

Presently some one would give a smart tug on one of the strings, and pass it over lustily to his neighbor. Gilsey would wake up with a nervous yell, and grabbing his toe, seek to extricate it from the loop. Then would come another and sharper pull at the other toe, diverting Gilsey's attention to that member.

The game would be kept up till the hands were screaming with laughter, and poor Gilsey bathed in perspiration and anxiety. Then the boss would interpose, and Gilsey would be set free.

These are only instances of what the butt was made to endure, though he was probably able to thrust almost any one of his tormentors, and had he

mastered spirit to attempt this, all the camp would have seen that he got his pay.

At last, however, it began to be suspected that Gilsey was stealing from the pork barrels and other stores. This was serious, and the men would not play any more jokes upon the culprit. Pending proof, he was left secretly to himself, and enjoyed comparative peace for nearly a week.

This peace, strange to say, did not seem to please him. The strange creature hated to be ignored, and even courted further indignities. No one would notice him, however, till one night when he came in late, and undertook to sleep on the "denizen-seat."

A word of explanation is needed here. The "denizen-seat"—why so called I cannot say—is a raised platform in front of the fireplace between the chimney and the tier of bunks. It is, of course, a splendid place to sleep on a bitter night, but no one is allowed so to occupy it, because in that position he shuts off the warmth from all the rest.

The hands were all apparently asleep when Gilsey, after a long solitary smoke, reached for his blanket, and rolled himself up on the coveted "denizen-seat," with his back to the glowing logs. After a deprecating grin directed toward the silent bunks, he sank to sleep.

Soon in the bunks arose a whispered consultation, as a result of which four stalwart wood-men in chined down, braced their backs against the lower tier, doubled up their knees, and laid their necks stiffly against the sleep's back. At a given signal the legs all straightened out with tremendous force, and poor Gilsey shot right across the "denizen-seat," and into the midst of the fire, bringing up with a thud upon the back logs.

With a yell he hurried out of his scorching quarters and plunged into his bunk, not burnt, but very badly scorched. After that he eschewed the "denizen-seat."

At last the unfortunate wretch was caught purloining the pork. It became known in the camp, somehow, that he was a married man, and father of a family as miserable and shiftless as himself. Here was an explanation of his raids upon the provisions, for nobody in the camp would for a moment imagine that Gilsey could, unaided, support a family.

One Sunday night he was tracked to a hollow about

upon his feet, not physically the worse for his punishment save that, presumably, his wrists ached somewhat—was given a bundle containing his scanty belongings, and told to "strenk" for home. As he seemed reluctant to obey, he was kicked into something like a relay.

When he had got well out of sight the woodmen returned to their camp. As for the wretched Gilsey, after the lacerations wherever he ventured his trunk had sunk to silence, he began to think his bundle remarkably heavy. He sat down on a stump to examine it. To his blank amazement he found a large lump of pork and a small bag of flour wrapped up in his dilapidated overalls.

The snow was unusually deep in the woods that winter, and toward spring there came a sudden, prolonged and heavy thaw. The ice broke rapidly and every loosened brook became a torrent. Past the door of the camp, which was set in a valley, the Gornish river went boiling and roaring like a mill-race, all-forged, and of its swollen serene placidity.

From the camp to Gilsey's wretched cabin was only about ten miles across the mountains, but the stream, which made a great circuit to get round a spur of the hills, it was hardly less than three times as far.

To Gilsey, in his log hut on a lofty knoll by the stream, the winter had gone by rather happily. The degradation of his punishment hardly touched him or his barbarous mood; and his wages had brought him food enough to keep the wolf from the door. He had nothing to do but to sit in his cabin and watch the approach of spring, while his lean boys snored an occasional snore.

At last, on a soft moonlight night, when the woods were full of the sounds of melting and settling snow, a faint, continuous roaring made his ear and turned his gaze down to the valley. Thence the stream, in the still night, came the deadly, rushing sound, monotonously increasing in volume. The tall girl, who had carried off the pork, heard the noise and came to her father's side.

"Hackett's dam bust, there!" she exclaimed in a moment.

Gilsey turned upon her one of his deprecating, toothless smiles. "Taint nothin' fer tech us here," said he, "but I'm powerful glad ter be outter the

their startled ears, and they needed no words to tell them their awful peril. Not staying an instant, every man ran for the hillside, lumbered in the snow. Ere they reached a safe height Gilsey stumbled and fell, utterly exhausted, and for a moment no one noticed his absence.

Then the boss of the camp looked back and saw him lying motionless in the bushes. Already the camp had gone down under the torrent, and the boss was about to leap up the post-rail figure, but the boss turned back with tremendous bounds, swung Gilsey over his shoulder like a sack of oats, and staggered up the slope, as the water swelled with a soliding moan from his ankles to his knees.

Seeing the situation at the boss, several more of the hands, who had clambered to a level of safety, rushed to the rescue. They seized him and his burden, while others formed a chain, laying hold of limbs. With a shout the whole gang surged up the hill, and the river saw its prey dragged out of its very teeth.

After a rest of a few moments Gilsey quite recovered and began most apologetic for not getting to camp sooner, so as to give the boys time to save something.

The demonstrative handshakings and praises and gratitude of the men whom he had snatched from a frightful death seemed to confuse him. He took it at first for chaff, and said, humbly, that "Bent us sis wanted him to git that he time, he'd did his best." But at length it dawned upon him that his comrades regarded him as a man, as a hero, who had done a really splendid and noble thing. He began to feel their gratitude and their respect.

Then it seemed as if a transformation was worked upon the poor cringing fellow, and he began to believe in himself. A new, firmer, manlier light woke in his eye, and he held himself erect. He began to move about among the woodsmen as their equal, and their exulting gratitude gave his new self-confidence time to ripen. From that day Simon Gilsey stood on a higher plane. In that one act of heroism he had found his shuffling humbug.

When the camp was established in the same place the following winter, Gilsey came seeking to be employed, and was taken into the party without question or remonstrance. He was no longer the "butt of the camp," but gave indications that a certain amount of dignity and self-respect had been awakened in him, so that not once during the winter was he made the object of the old practical jokes.

"Sis," too, came several times to the camp, openly, and though she was rough and uncouth, the men had heard how she had been the agent who had rescued Gilsey, to perhaps, his first manly act, and they always loaded her with good things to take home with her.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

FOR HER BONNET.

Ab, woman! she will praise the song,
Then bid them slay the singer,
That the tree-bark or tortoise breast—
Some added charm may bring her.

Our Dumb Animals.

For the Companion.

A WEDDING IN KOREA.

Among most peoples the wedding forms one of the most notable events in social life, and the Koreans are an exception to the rule. Yesterday we were informed that an opportunity was afforded us to witness a wedding conducted according to the Korean custom. The invitation was promptly accepted.

In company with two friends I took my way to a Korean hut near the wall, where a youth and his betrothed were about to make their vows to each other. Just as we arrived, the good-natured crowd

of fellows was forming his outer ranks in an open space in front of the house.

According to Korean custom, he wore a costume like that which officials wear—one which he had hired for the occasion. The robe was a dark green, and bore "plaques" with a pair of embroidered storks on the breast and back. About the waist, like a hoop, was the black unadorned belt, and on his head was a "palang-gung" hat with wings on its sides, and finally he got himself into shoes that looked like "mules" over shoes, two or three sizes too large for him.

At last he was ready to go indoors. An attendant preceded him with a red, hot briquet hat on his head, about his neck a string of beads, and in his hands a goose. The goose's feet were tied, and fastened through her back was a little skein of red silk. In the two outstretched—there perhaps I ought to say. The front of the house had an awning of gummy-sucking suspended over it. Here a red table stood, with two red ornaments on it which looked like tall candlesticks, or scented vases. The court was full of Koreans—men, women and children.

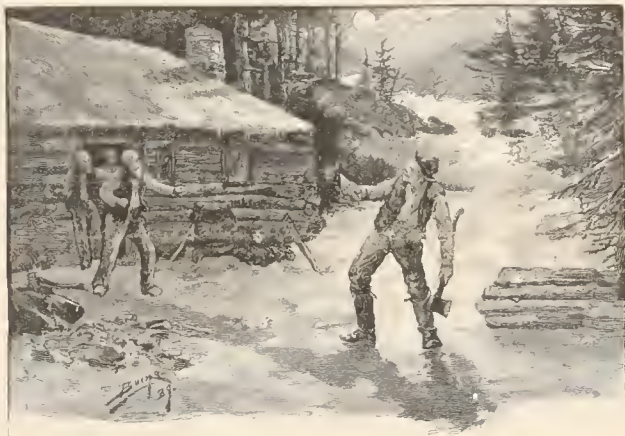
In front of the table, the bridegroom bowed two or three times. And singularly heaving it was. He gently lowered himself upon his knees, and then bringing forward his hands upon his hands, he bowed till his head touched the back at his hands. Then grudgingly he resumed the standing posture.

The last time he bowed, he sank with the goose in his arms. I am told that the goose is the symbol of fidelity in Korea; it being popularly believed that if a wild goose dies its spouse never assumes again.

By special invitation we then assumed a position upon the porch of the little house, facing the court. A mat was placed upon the steps, connecting with another mat on the porch. Presently the groom came to the front of the steps, and stood there, while the betrothed was called to the room opening upon the porch. This room was filled with women, mostly young and more or less good-looking. I had caught a peep at the bride, she sat on a cushion.

But now she was coming out. Two middle-aged women accompanied her, each one holding one of the bride's arms and guiding her steps, for her eyes were sealed completely. Clear up to her jetty hair, the face of the *petit* bride was painted a ghastly white. In the middle of her forehead and of each cheek were painted great, round, red spots, her lips were also bright red.

Her dress consisted of a bright green waist, over a brilliant red skirt. Fastened through the back of her



"THE WATER DAM BROKE! RUN! RUN!"

a mile from camp, where he was met by a gunn, wild, eccentric-looking girl, who was clearly his daughter. The two proceeded to an old stump concealed under some logs in a thicket, and out of the hollow of the stump Gilsey flicked a lump of salt pork, together with a big bundle of "hand-kick," and a parcel or two of some other kind of provender.

The girl threw herself upon the food like a famishing animal, devoured huge mouthfuls, and then, gathering all promiscuously into her scanty skirt, darted off alone through the gloom. As soon as she had disappeared with her stores, tallboy was captured and dragged back to camp.

At first he was too helpless with terror to open his mouth; but when formally arraigned before the boss he found his tongue. He implored forgiveness in the most piteous tones, while at the same time he dutifully denied every charge. He declared he was not married, that he had no family, and that he knew no one at all in the Gornish district or that part of the province.

But the boss knew all about him, even to his past. He lived about ten miles from the camp, across the mountains, on the Gornish River itself. As for his guilt, there was no room for a shadow of uncertainty.

A misdeed of this sort is always severely handled in the lumber camps. But every man, from the boss down, was filled with profound compassion for Gilsey's family. A family so afflicted as to own Gilsey for husband and sire appeared to them deserving of the tenderest pity.

It was the pathetic savagery and helplessness of the young girl that had moved the compassion to let her off with her booty, and now, the boss declared, if Gilsey were dismissed without his wages—as was customary, in addition to other punishment—the family would surely starve, cut off from the camp pork-barrel. It was decided to give the culprit his wages up to date. Then came the rough and ready sentence of the camp-followers. The prisoner was to be "dragged"—the most humiliating punishment in the woodmen's code.

Gilsey's tears of fright were of no avail. He was strapped in a sort of swinging sheet of canvas, secured from head to foot with grooves to make him slip smoothly, and lashed by the fettered wrists to a pair of horses. The strange team was then driven, at a moderate pace, for about half a mile along the wide road, the whole camp following in procession and jeering at the unhappy thief.

When the man was unstrapped, unbound, and set

Gornish camp ter-night. Then chips he no-goin' ter ketch it, blame their skins!"

The girl—she was a mere overgrown child of fourteen or fifteen—looked thoughtful a moment, and then darted toward the woods.

"Where yer goin', sis?" called Gilsey, in a startled voice.

"Wan' run!" said the girl, innocently, not stopping her pace.

"Stop! stop!" "Come back!" shouted her father, starting in pursuit. But the girl never paused.

"Blame their skins! Blame their skins!" murmured Gilsey to himself. Then, seeing that he was not gaining on the child, he seemed to gulp something down his throat, and finally he shouted:

"I'll go, sis, honest I'll go. Yer kaint do it yerself. Come back home!"

The girl stopped, turned round, and walked back, saying to her father, "They've kept us the winter. Yer said git her in time, did?"

Calvey went by the child, at a long trot, without answering, and disappeared in the woods; and at the same moment the flood went through the valley, filling it half way up to the spot where the cabin stood.

That lucky youngster's word was law to the father, and she had set his thoughts in a new channel. He felt the camp must be saved, if he died for it. The girl said so. He only remembered now how easily the men had let him off, when they might have half killed him, and their jests and jibes and tormentings he forgot. His face, hanging from a long line, and his endurance was marvellous. Through the gray and steel glazes, over stumps and windfalls, through thickets and black valleys and treacherous swamps, he went leaping at almost full speed.

Before long the tremendous effort began to tell. At first he would not yield, but presently he realized that he was in danger of giving out, so he slackened speed a little, in order to save his powers. But as he came out upon the valley and around the camp he caught once more a whiff of the flood, and sprang forward desperately. Could he get there in time? The child had said he must. He could.

His mouth was dry as a pound, and he gasped for breath, as he stumbled against the camp door and the roof of the flood was in his ears. I made to speak at first, but uttered furiously on the door with an axe, and then squashed in the window.

As the men came jumping scrubtily from their bunks he blundered close to—

"The water! Dam broke! Run! Run!"

But the noise of the rushing flood was now in

dress at the shoulders was an ornamental rod, perhaps eighteen inches long. I remember it, for I almost got caught on it, in brushing by her later on.

Upon her head was a crown-like cushion, surmounted by half a dozen nodding sticks of beads, possibly three inches long. Down her back hung

written on our faces, we saluted the bride with American bows.

They were just arranging boxes with the view to feasting us with Korean delicacies, when the lady of our party reached the conclusion that it was time to retire. The motion was carried without debate, and amid many hospitable protests



A KOREAN WEDDING

two broad brown ribbons, caught together with two ornaments, one a smooth, rectangular red stone; and the other a noisette of white jade, a stone precious in the East.

This little, painted, gorgeous creature was guided out, as I have said, by two middle-aged women. Across the mat they went, and at the end of the porch they turned the little bride about, and laid over her clasped hands a white handkerchief.

The groom now stepped to the other end of the mat, and the principal part of the wedding ceremony began. The bride made her bows. The attendants raised her arms till the small, draped hands lay level with the sightless eyes. Then, partially supported by the matronly women, she sank in a curtsy so profound that at the lowest point she was almost in a sitting posture. Then in the same slow, solemn manner she rose again. Her face at this time, and indeed during all the ceremony, was expressionless as the face of a sphinx.

Three times this profound curtsy was repeated. Then it was the groom's turn. His face had more feeling in it than hers. Indeed it looked flushed and anxious; much as a European's face might have appeared under corresponding circumstances. Our Korean groom now responded to his bride's greetings with three bows, in which his head almost touched the floor. Then the bride and the groom were made to sit down upon their respective ends of the mat.

A table stood against the wall, laden with what Koreans consider delicacies, but what they seemed to our perverted foreign taste I will refrain from stating, out of politeness to our host. Bread looking like a white grindstone, dishes of white, stringy vermicelli, bowls of "Kimchee," a native sauer-krant, candies, and a bottle of native liquor were there.

The couple were now sitting. The woman nearest the table took a cup and filled it with liquor. This she touched to the bride's draped hands, and presented it to the groom. He took a sip, and handed it back. She refilled the cup, and they repeated the ceremony to the third time.

Then came a curious performance. The "go-between" had a part to do. She was the old lady with gray hair, who had literally "made the match." She had attended to all the necessary preliminaries, even to doing the courting for the young people. The goose again appeared upon the scene. This time the skin of red silk had been removed from the holes in her back.

Another woman held the bird, while the aged match-maker filled her hand with soft, stringy vermicelli, and offered it to her gray birdship. The goose eagerly dabbled away with her beak until she was nearly satisfied, when the old lady finished the ceremony by eating herself what was left in her hand.

All this had been done in the doorway leading into the bridal chamber. This room was now cleared of its young and middle-aged ladies, who were compelled to join the crowd in the court. To the bridal chamber the groom repaired, and removing his wedding robes, which made him look like an official, as named garments wore becoming his rank. His new costume consisted of a new white robe, and one of the ordinary broad-brimmed, conical-crowned hats.

He then came out, and the bride retired to the room, to resume again her cushion on the floor; but just before she subsided into her placid meditations, her two attendants required her to bow to her foreign guests, and three times, without the movement of a muscle in her face, she sank to the floor in profound curties. We did not know just what was required of us at this juncture, but one after another, with perplexity

we made our farewells in our best available Korean phrases and withdrew, wishing for our hosts every possible blessing.

DANIEL L. GIFFORD.

LIFE'S STORY.

Our actions are the pens which dip themselves in our heart's blood to write life's story out. And then the finished tale lies on time's shelves. For the old world to read and talk about.

Selected.

ENGLISH VACATION SPEECHES.

Probably there are no public men in the world who lead more laborious lives, or whose physical as well as mental powers are more heavily taxed, than the English political leaders of both parties.

During the session of Parliament, which, in these days, begins early in February and reaches far into August, and sometimes even into September, the round of the duties of an English minister scarcely leaves time for sleep or refreshment, much less for social recreation.

Take the Prime Minister, for instance. Besides being the chief of the Cabinet, who must keep watch of the work of all his colleagues, and be familiar with all the larger problems of policy, he may be also the head of a great executive department.

The early part of the day must be given to Cabinet meetings, or to the duties of the department of which he is the chief. Then at four or five he goes into the House to which he belongs, and if that House is the Commons he must attend its sessions, which, two or three times a week, reach into the small hours of the morning.

In a degree the same is true of all his colleagues, while even the labors of the leaders of the opposition, during the sitting of Parliament, are onerous and exhausting.

But the work of ministers and their leading opponents does not come to an end with the rising of Parliament. Rest and recreation are not for them, although there may be a respite for the rank and file of members. They have, perhaps, a breathing spell in August or September, but soon comes a task, imposed by custom and enjoined, indeed, by the very system of English party government, from which they cannot escape.

This is to go here and there through England and Scotland and to make elaborate speeches on the policy pursued in Parliament, or foreshadowing the policy of the future.

While their absconder fellow-members are grumblings on the Scottish moors, or wandering leisurely among the interesting scenes on the Continent, the ministers, and their antagonists as well, must busy themselves with presenting their programmes to the people, with defending their programmes, or criticising—in the case of opposition chiefs—what the ministers have done in the session just closed.

The signal for this period of speech-making is usually the great banquet given by the incoming Lord Mayor of London at the Guildhall in November. To this feast the Prime Minister and his colleagues are specially hidden, and the chief of the Cabinet usually avails himself of this occasion to deliver an important address, exposing more fully the policy of the Cabinet than he is apt to do in his place in Parliament.

Then begins the great battle of oratory in the country. A speech in some large town by the Prime Minister is soon answered in some other large town by one of the chiefs of the opposition. This, in turn, is replied to by some other minister, and so for weeks this memorable debate, engaged in by the ablest political intellects of both parties in England, proceeds with scarcely a pause.

The recent speeches of Lord Salisbury, of Mr. Gladstone at Manchester, of Lord Hartington in

Yorkshire, of Mr. Parnell at Liverpool, of Mr. Balfour at Edinburgh, and of Mr. Morley in northern England, are excellent illustrations of this settled custom of autumnal speech-making outside of Parliament.

Being heard by great audiences, and full reports of them being read from one end of Britain to the other, such speeches serve a most important use in educating the people and interesting them in all the varied political topics of the day. The political spirit of the parties is kept up in the vacation interval, and the people are trained, even more than by the Parliamentary debates, to make an intelligent exercise of their electoral powers.

For the Companion.

ROBERT BROWNING.

The Part of Human Life.

Silence and Night sequestered thee in yon child's throat, such a great soul do not die. Thou art not dead, such great souls do not die. One small world's range no longer could contain that strong-winged spirit of its freedom fall. New stars, new lives, thy fearless quest would try. Our baffled vision may not soar so high. We mourn, as loss, the infant, great soul.

Yet, keep of sight, to whom man's soul lies bare, Stripped clean of shams, unclothed of all disguise. Revealed to thee as if at each son's birth. Thou hast been such to stamp it food or fair. Why shouldst thou seek new schools to conduct thee where? Who shared Heaven's secrets whilst thou walked on earth? LOUISE CHAMBER MORTON.

THE NATION AND THE SEA.

Those who had an opportunity to visit the great Maritime Exhibition recently given in Boston must have been deeply impressed with the variety of interests connected, in one way or another, with those of the sea. The models and plans of craft of every sort and size, the great number of minor appliances that enter into ship and boat building, the evidences that nearly every trade is more or less directly concerned in the complete equipment of modern vessels, all these are things that impress one's mind with the great importance to the nation and to individuals of the branch of industry there represented.

It is only natural that persons who do not live on or near either of our sea-coasts should regard the investment of large sums of money in the navy and merchant-marine as being not so much for the advantage of the whole nation as for that of a part of it. In like manner the people of the East, perhaps, fail to appreciate the full meanings of the words "wheat" and "wool" to the agricultural West. East or West, it betrays a narrowness of vision to rank as all-important those industries to be seen only from one's own doors.

Look at the interests of the sea. The development of the navy, it is to be presumed, is a movement in which national pride and precaution enlist the sympathies of all classes and sections. That our navy should be inferior to that of a second or third-rate European nation, whose territory could not fill one of our larger States, and that, in case of war with a foreign power, we should trust wholly to the resources of the Yankee—however quick and ingenious he be—would be as absurd as it is unnecessary.

The placing of the navy upon a proper basis has happily begun. The lovers of their country wish it to proceed with all speed and thoroughness.

The growth of the merchant-marine, as a country's ships of trade are called, should be no less desired. National pride again enters into the question, and causes the American a feeling of shame that by far the larger portion of his country's trade with foreign lands is carried on in foreign ships.

Only a little more than thirty years ago our merchant-marine was one of the glories of the nation. Comparing its decay with our growth on other lines, it is now a national disgrace.

Quite aside from the question of pride, why should not the industry of Americans—always seeking wider fields for the exercise of their peculiar ingenuity and energy he turned more than it is to ship-building and "following the sea?" Those who live upon the Atlantic and Pacific Coasts would at once find new opportunities of employment.

The service, moreover, of nearly every industry and trade, inland and sea-laboring, from mining to carpentry, would be in demand. The sea-coast regions would perhaps gain the most apparent benefits, but the rest of the country, besides giving its labor and receiving the equivalent, would enjoy the increased facilities of bringing its products to the world's markets. The benefits would be felt in every State.

How are these blessings to be brought about?

Those who in general advocate protection argue that the maritime interests should be fostered by liberal contracts for carrying the foreign mails, and even by bounties—sometimes called subsidies—of money from the government to companies and individuals engaged in shipping. This course has been pursued with success by some other countries. Those who advocate it believe that here it will have especial value in opening more direct and adequate commercial intercourse with South America.

The opponents of this view maintain that the sluggish condition of the merchant-marine is due to the tariff which interferes with international trade in many directions, and that no artificial methods can improve that condition. Only can it

be bettered, they say, when the restrictions of duties shall be removed, and trade between nations shall be as free as between individuals or States within the country. The flourishing condition of coastwise trade is taken as evidence of what might be in the dealings with other nations.

They urge that instead of giving subsidies to merchant steamers, Congress should repeal the laws which forbid the registry as American of any ship not built in the country. They maintain that if Americans were free to buy ships, they would buy and sail them.

The awakening of public interest in maritime affairs and their free discussion leads by the surest road to a right decision between the two methods. Exhibitions like the recent one in Boston might stimulate such interest in other cities. No means to the great end in view is to be neglected.

Award of Prizes for Short Stories.

A year ago the publishers offered nine prizes, amounting in all to \$5,250, for the best Short Stories adapted for use in *The Companion*. The competition ended on May 31, 1889, at which time 5,542 stories had been submitted which conformed to the conditions expressed in the offer, together with many others which did not conform to these conditions, and could therefore not be admitted to the competition.

After a very careful and thorough examination of the manuscripts, the following awards have been made:

BOYS' STORIES.

FIRST PRIZE, \$1,000, to "A LOST HERO," by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps and Herbert D Ward, Gloucester, Mass.

SECOND PRIZE, \$500, to "LITTLE JARVIS," by Miss Mollie Elliot Seawell, 645 G Street, Washington, D. C.

THIRD PRIZE, \$250, to "THE SPRING HILL TERRORIST COMPANY," by Elbert C. Little, Rocky Hill, Conn.

GIRLS' STORIES.

FIRST PRIZE, \$1,000, to "WAY OUT IS THE PRAY KISTERY," by Fred L. Eaton, Union, N. Y.

SECOND PRIZE, \$500, to "THE SLOTTOS or BANGVILLE," by James F. McKay, Huntington, Long Island, N. Y.

THIRD PRIZE, \$250, to "LASSY ANN," by Miss Maria L. Pool, Sheltonville, Mass.

ADULT STORIES.

FIRST PRIZE, \$1,000, to "ON THE BRINK," by Warren L. Wallis, 36 Fuller Street, St. Paul, Minn.

SECOND PRIZE, \$500, to "A BRAVE MURDER," by Mrs. Maria McIntosh, Morristown, N. J.

THIRD PRIZE, \$250, to "PETER WATKINS," by Harry C. Stickney, 308 Olive Street, St. Louis, Mo.

All of these prize stories will be published during the present year.

OLD-TIME MANNERS.

The histories of American families privately printed, and the traditions handed down in such families, illustrate the roughness of life in the Revolutionary epoch as nothing else can do.

During the occupation of Charleston, South Carolina, by the British, one of their officers, known as Mad Archy Campbell from his many wild freaks, drove up one evening to the door of the rectory of St. James's church, and, without leaving the buggy, shouted for the clergyman to come out. Inside him sat Miss Pauline Phelps, a member of one of the leading families in Charleston.

When the clergyman appeared, the officer ordered him to "marry us at once."

The good minister looked at the lady's pale, terrified face, and replied, "Willingly, when I have Miss Phelps's consent and that of her friends."

Mad Archy leaped to the ground and presented his pistols, one at the clergyman's and one at the lady's head.

No help was at hand and both of his victims were too badly scared to count a ray longer. The marriage ceremony was actually read in that situation. Major Campbell was killed in battle a few weeks later, and his widow returned to her friends.

Another glimpse of early times is given in a story told by a Congressman from Indiana in the first years of this century of one of his constituents. Betty Frazer was a lean, tough little woman, with a crippled husband and two boys, who settled on the east bank of Whitewater River, and worked hard to raise money to buy the land from government at the auction sale in the approaching autumn.

In midsummer, however, Betty was in debt, and the sheriff, General Hanna, appeared, in gold braid and champagne, with an execution on her property.

"Property? I have nothing but the white mare," said Betty.

"That will do," said the general.

Betty conducted him, talking pleasantly all the while, to the stable, a log building of one room, without a window, and fastened by a solid door which was secured by an iron pin inside.

"There is the mare," she said.

The general stepped inside. Bang went the door, the pin was thrust into its place, and Betty, smiling, went back to her work.

After twenty-four hours, during which the general starved and raged in the hot, filthy den, she tapped at the door.

"Well, general, how have you slept?"

"Betty, I'll compromise if you'll let me out. I'll return no property available."

Betty made him swear to keep his word before she released him. She then showed him the way to Whitewater Ford, and as he was swinging across on



For the Companion

THE BACKWARD BOY.

FIRST PART.

By the President of the University of Michigan

How shall we teach backward children? This is a question which sorely perplexes parents and teachers. We are not now considering the ease of what we call feeble-minded children. We are speaking of those who have unusual difficulty in learning, of those who have little interest in study, and of those who have slow or tardy mental development.

These three classes obviously differ from each other. The first class is not likely, under any treatment, to furnish eminent scholars; the second and the third may do so in due time under judicious training.

In some cases the backwardness is owing to the mental constitution of the children, in others it is caused by bad teaching. I knew a lawyer who talked of seeking in the courts damages of a wretched teacher, for the injury he had inflicted on the lawyer's son by unwise methods of instruction. Though the boy was bright, he had been taught in such a manner that he had no mental discipline.

Some teachers, in giving instruction to classes, take no special pains to help the dull and backward pupils. They hold that their function is to teach those who are teachable under the ordinary methods, and that the rest are not worth spending time on.

It must be confessed that a teacher who has a large class may, with reason, be perplexed to decide how much the bright scholars are to be delayed, or to be deprived of the instructor's inspiring help for the sake of the backward pupils. But surely he is not justified in refusing to give some special attention to the most needy section of the class. A skilful teacher can do much for them without seriously retarding the progress of the better scholars. Many a devoted instructor has found a rich reward for giving them special help outside of the regular hours of school.

If children are very backward, doubtless it is best for them to have the special services of a private teacher for some time. Although they thus lose the inspiring aid of companionship, which affords so much joy and stimulus in a school, yet they escape the depressing and mortifying influence of seeing their dullness exhibited at every recitation to that most merciless of audiences, a company of school children who are outstripping them, and ridiculing their stupidity.

But what shall the private teacher do? He must begin at the beginning, at the zero point of the pupil's knowledge, and with patience proceed only so rapidly as the slow mind can master each step, and he must lend interest to this tardy march by all the resources at his command.

Often, if the child lacks interest in the studies first taken up, it will be found on trial that he can readily be interested in some other study. Then begin with this last study, and link it, if possible, in some way with the less interesting pursuit. A boy who abominates grammar may have a passion for some branch of natural history. Be sure that he has a chance to gratify this passion. An apt teacher may sometimes save a boy by discovering a talent which none of his elementary studies has tested.

I once knew a boy in college who evinced no interest in any of his regular work. He was deemed hopelessly lazy. He was generally funny making caricatures of his fellow-students and of the professors.

One day a caricature of a certain professor, which had much amused the students, fell into the hands of the professor himself. He summoned the young man to his room. The student went with some trepidation, supposing he was to be reprimanded. But the wise teacher said to him: "You seem to have a talent for drawing. No one of the faculty has been able to find out what you were made for. All have despaired of making anything of you. But evidently you are intended for an artist. You ought to go abroad and study art."

And then, having himself lived many years in Rome, he gave his astonished and gratified hearer suggestions concerning the best method of pursuing art studies, and tendered him letters to distinguished artists at Rome. This indolent student followed the advice given him, and became a painter of distinction. The timely counsel of his teacher was the making of the man.

We should not be too easily discouraged at finding the mental operations of a child slow. I know a man of advanced years, one of the most eminent scholars in one department of learning, whom I have met, whose mental processes have always gone on with a slowness which is surprising, but with an accuracy and sureness equally surprising. He sometimes has difficulty in following a speaker, because his mind cannot keep pace with the speaker's utterances. But his

attainments are so ample that he is justly considered an authority in the branch to which he has given the leisure of a long life.

Still less should we be disheartened at a lack of precocity in our children. Many a man of great intellectual force has ripened late. Sometimes very rapid physical development seems to absorb all the vital force in a boy so that his mental development lags. One need not be unduly disturbed by such a phenomenon. After a little the intellectual growth will be resumed. The observant teacher or parent will wait with patience for this result.

But do what we may, we shall, of course, find a certain number of children who can never become eminent scholars, or even passably complete a college course. We must then honestly recognize the fact, and inquire what they can best do in life. Not unfrequently they have executive talent which fits them for some worthy career.

We must, with patience and persistence, strive to impart to them, by however slow a process, such an amount and kind of training as will enable them to fill, without discredit, the place allotted to them in life.

JAMES B. ANGELL.

For the Companion

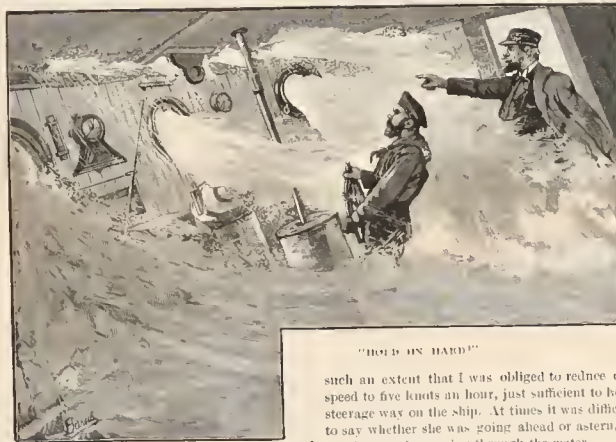
A TIDAL WAVE.

By the late Commander of the White Star Steamer "Germanic."

On the 24 of April, 1855, one of the loveliest days of spring, the White Star steamer *Germanic* sailed from Liverpool on her voyage to New York.

Early in the forenoon I had taken her from her berth in the Alexandra Dock, and anchored her in the River Mersey to await passengers and mails.

After seeing that everything was safe, I looked at the barometer and, to my surprise, found that it had fallen since the previous afternoon. I



"HOLD ON, HARD!"

could hardly account for it; the weather was so fine and clear, the atmosphere so light, and the refraction so great, that vessels at the bar—a distance of fully thirteen miles—could be plainly seen.

Calling my pilot, I asked his opinion. He thought that it was occasioned by local causes only, and after getting to sea it would again rise, and I would have a fine passage. Judging from the appearance of the atmosphere and other indications, I certainly agreed with him, and paid no more attention to it until we were out at sea.

At noon the passengers, baggage and mails were taken on board, the anchor hove up, and when the tender had left I started ahead at full speed.

After crossing the bar I left the bridge in charge of the officer of the watch, and went below to my chart-room. As I entered the pilot-house I looked again at the barometer, and saw that it had gone down two-tenths of an inch since leaving the river. The weather was still clear, the sky almost cloudless, and no other indications whatever of a storm.

As night came on and we neared the Irish coast, the lights were sighted at their full distance.

At dawn of Friday, the 3d, the atmosphere continued the same as when leaving Liverpool, and no apparent change had taken place except in the barometer, which still continued falling slowly and steadily.

As we entered the harbor of Queenstown, the light was glorious. A stranger standing on the deck, and looking at the beautiful view before him, could well understand why Ireland has been called the "Emerald Isle." In no other part of the world do the grass and verdure possess that bright emerald tint so peculiar to this country.

After anchoring I again looked at the barometer, and found that it had fallen from 30.21 to 29.84 during the last seventeen hours. Considering that the wind had been northerly for the entire period, it certainly appeared strange and incomprehensible to me.

I could not help feeling that there was something unpleasant in store for us, and that we

should know it before long. Resolving not to "cross the bridge until I came to it," I dismissed the subject from my mind.

As we had arrived at Queenstown so early in the morning, and were not to sail until four o'clock in the afternoon, on account of the mails that were due from London a little earlier, a large number of the passengers availed themselves of the opportunity to go on shore.

Upon returning at half-past three, they were all enthusiastic over the weather, the lovely views they had obtained, and the sights they had seen, and started off in the gayest spirits, hoping to leave the same beautiful weather all the way across. I did not wish to throw any wet blankets over their enthusiasm, as I hoped most sincerely that their wishes might be realized, but having strong doubts to the contrary, I remained silent on the subject.

As soon as the mails were on hand and everything in readiness, we started on our voyage to New York. The sky continued cloudless for the rest of the afternoon, but the barometer still warned me of approaching bad weather, although no other signs were visible.

No change occurred until Saturday morning, when the wind shifted to the southwest, blowing a gentle breeze with a smooth sea. This lasted until after sunset, when dark, heavy clouds appeared in the westward, the wind veered to the northwest, increasing to a gale, and the barometer fell rapidly.

The gale continued to increase during the night, and was accompanied by a fearfully heavy sea. At midnight my attention was attracted by another ship which we were passing. Exchanging signals, she proved to be the *Adriatic*, bound for Liverpool.

Just before daylight a sea struck us on our starboard side, and carried away one of our boats which was hanging on the davits outside the saloon deck. I immediately ordered the other taken in and secured, to save it from a similar fate. At six o'clock that morning the gale had increased to a hurricane, and the sea had risen to

not tell, for I was dazed and my brain confused from the effects of the blow I had received. I looked around. Pillows, cushions, clothing, charts, everything in my room was swimming in water. He lifted me up and placed me on the sofa. I then began to collect my scattered senses, and realized what had occurred.

My head was bleeding from a slight wound, my body bristled from head to foot, my clothing torn, and I was drenched to the skin. No bones were broken, and I had escaped with my life.

The door leading on deck, near which I was standing, had been carried away by the force of the water which had found a partial outlet there. Had my chart-room door been securely fastened, I should undoubtedly have been carried overboard.

I roused myself up and asked the man if the ship was all right, or was she in any way damaged. He replied that everything movable had been washed away, and that nearly all the boats were gone. In a few moments I recovered sufficiently to stand up, and, going on deck, a sight met my eyes, the equal of which I had never beheld in all my long experience at sea.

Both forward boats, together with the davits that held them, had been washed away. The steam which, weighing over a ton, had been torn from the foremast deck and landed fully twenty feet aft. All the ventilators were gone, and the water had poured down on the passengers below.

Turning round to look aft, I found that six of the largest boats had been washed away, and another heavy steam winch had been carried overboard.

The forward smokestack was flattened from the saloon deck to the top, proving that the weight of water had reached to that height. The iron railing on the starboard side was twisted and bent into every conceivable form. The wheel-house and bridge were almost complete wrecks.

By this time I was fully alive to the damaged condition of the ship and the dangerous position she was in. I stepped into the companion-way at the head of the stairs leading down to the saloon, and witnessed a most disheartening sight. The water was washing from side to side as the ship rolled, carrying with it cushions, books and articles of furniture belonging to the reading-room.

Above the noise made by the water I could hear the screaming of women and children below in the passage-ways and saloon.

Some one had circulated the report that the captain had been washed overboard, the ship was sinking, and they would all be lost. I went down the stairs and looked into the reading-room, and saw a hole in the forward part six feet square, through which the water was rushing as the sea broke over the ship. It had been made by one of the boats striking against the bulkhead as it was washed from its lashings and carried away.

Just as I got to the bottom of the stairs, some of the stewards were carrying one of the passengers below, who had been taken out from the ruins of the reading-room. He was mensible and evidently seriously injured. I first ascertained how many had been hurt. Several had been severely bruised and shaken. One lady was lifted from the sofa in the reading-room, where she was lying, and carried through the opening over the saloon, where she hung suspended by her clothing until taken down by the stewards. One of my sailors had been washed overboard and drowned, and some were badly hurt.

When I entered the saloon every one was amazed, and all looked as if they thought I had risen from the dead. It is needless to say that my appearance soon restored something like order. I was immediately surrounded by those who were there, all anxious to know if the ship was going to the bottom.

The saloon, although not so badly damaged as the reading-room, was in a deplorable state. Everything was drenched, and a more dreary, comfortless place one could hardly imagine. By the prompt actions of the purser and chief steward, the water-tight doors were closed in time to prevent the heaviest of the water going aft.

After reassuring the passengers and seeing the condition of everything below, I went on deck and ordered a wooden bulkhead to be erected over the opening that was made in the reading-room. As fast as it was put up the sea washed it and the men away, rendering the undertaking dangerous and impossible.

Upon returning to the upper deck I found that all three compensated compasses, with the magnets, had gone. Fortunately, I had two compasses that had not been used, but no magnets. I rigged one of the compasses on the pole, but in the absence of magnets I could place but little reliance upon it. It was, however, the best I could do.

The crushing of the pilot-house had broken the steam-steering gear, and we were compelled to steer by hand in the after wheel-house.

I was informed later, when making inquiries as to whether the ship had fallen off inquiry after the steam-steering gear had gone, that the second officer, seeing it destroyed, had called for volunteers to follow him,—for it was a dangerous piece of work to perform, owing to the seas that were constantly breaking over the ship,—and had rushed aft, shipped the hand-gear, and was steering the ship head on to wind and sea.

such an extent that I was obliged to reduce our speed to five knots an hour, just sufficient to keep storage way on the ship. At times it was difficult to say whether she was going ahead or astern, so slowly was she moving through the water.

An hour later the sight was a fearful one. We were surrounded by dense leaden-hued clouds which seemed completely to envelop us. The wind blew with hurricane force, cutting the tops of the waves, and driving the spray over the ship in a thick mist that prevented us from seeing a hundred yards away. The sea was something frightful, and to prevent any accident happening to some venturesome passenger who might be tempted to appear, I ordered the doors closed and fastened so that no one could come on deck.

After taking my breakfast, I stationed myself by the wheel in the pilot-house, standing directly in front of my chart-room door, which was secured only by a hook. To this trifling circumstance I believe I owe my life.

I kept close watch on the steering, as it was necessary that the ship should be kept head on to the sea. As many years as I had been in the Atlantic trade, I had never seen anything approaching the sight I then beheld. The sea was appalling.

Just as three bells struck, the ship took a fearful plunge forward over a tremendous wave, and as she was lying with her head down in the hollow of the sea, I saw a huge body of water, that towered above the foreyard, rolling toward her bow.

I knew that it was impossible for her to rise in time to meet this terrific wave, and that it would break on board of us. Turning to the quartermaster who was at the wheel, I said to him, "Hold on, hard!"

The words were scarcely out of my mouth, when I felt a shock, then a rush, then a crash, and the ship staggering and shivering under the force of the blow.

Before I could take hold of anything to save myself from going to leeward, so quickly had this happened, the pilot-house was smashed in upon me, I was thrown back against the door of my chart-room, the fastening broke, I was carried in by the water, and dashed to the floor insensible.

When I revived I found myself in the arms of the quartermaster, who had been at the wheel when the sea broke over her bow. His first words were, "Are you badly hurt, sir?" I could

Looking around me and seeing the damaged condition we were in, without reliable compasses or steering-gear, I realized that it was impossible for us to continue on our voyage, and I decided to return to Liverpool.

To turn around a long ship like the *Germanie* in such a heavy sea is a responsible and dangerous undertaking. When getting into the trough of the sea—that is, between the large waves—they are sometimes very slow in answering the helm.

The whole broadside is exposed to the force of the sea, and, as they roll heavily at such a time, if struck by a huge wave there is great danger of their turning completely over; or, if the sea breaks on board, the water might reach the stoke-hole, extinguish the fires and render the ship wholly unmanageable.

Dutious as this proceeding was, I felt that it would be madness for me to attempt to cross the Atlantic in my crippled condition. So I called my chief officer and engineer, and informed them of my decision. They both agreed with me that it was the only thing that could be done under the existing circumstances.

I ordered the engineer to get up a full head of steam, and let me know when he was ready. Then I stationed men along the deck to pass the word of command, for all telegraphic communication was broken. I took my stand on the bridge, and, fastened to the mainmast by a rope passed around my body, watched the sea and my opportunity.

In a heavy gale like the one through which we were then passing the seas come in sets of three, followed by a longer interval between them and the following three. We rode the third one of a set, and then I ordered the engines ahead full speed and the helm hard to starboard.

My heart almost ceased to beat, so great was my anxiety as I awaited her movements, but it was only for a moment. She never hesitated, but turned herself round almost like a living thing, so nimbly did she respond to her helm.

We lay for an instant trembling in the trough of the sea, and then on she went. As she turned and brought the sea on her starboard quarter, a fearful roller, looming up like a mountain, struck her with such terrific force under the stern that the flag-pole shot up in the air fully forty feet, like a sky-rocket. It did us no harm, however, and we came around all right. Once safely round, I felt no more anxiety about the ship, and set the carpenters and men to work stopping up the opening in the reading-room.

I found it impossible to place any dependence upon the compass that I had rigged, but as the weather was clear, I was able to get good observations and find my true position.

Some of the ladies came to me and asked me if we were quite safe. I said that if we had fine, clear weather all the way to Liverpool there would be no danger.

One of them replied, "I will pray for it with all my heart, captain." I am sure that she did so, and that her prayers were granted, for I was able to check my courses by the sun during the day, and by the north star at night.

We reached Queenstown on Tuesday, and I reported by telegraph my return to the company. Receiving orders to proceed at once to Liverpool, I did so, and we arrived safely in the Mersey on Wednesday morning.

Glad and thankful was I to get there, for I had had but little sleep since the accident, and for five days had not removed my clothing.

The passengers who desired to do so returned to New York by the *Idriatic*, but a number waited and took passage on the *Germanie*, which, three weeks later, left her dock, looking as fresh and bright as a new yacht, showing no traces of the "tidal wave" she had encountered on Easter Sunday, 1885.

CHARLES W. KENTON.

A ROYAL POACHER.

Tradition asserts that Shakspere was once arrested for poaching, and the dwellers amid the Italian Alps enjoy telling a poaching story of which their late king was the hero. As the chances become rare, laws were made for their preservation, which were strictly enforced.

One day, the king, an ardent sportsman, inadvertently shot a female chamois. A guard happened to be on the spot, saw the animal fall, traced the shot, and not knowing that the sportsman was the king, arrested him, and led him by the arm to the nearest magistrate.

"What is your name and occupation?" asked the magistrate of the prisoner.

"An actor, Emmanuel, king of Italy," he quietly answered.

The guard fell on his knees, the magistrate apologized; but the king said to the guard: "Get up, my good fellow, and always do your duty. The shot of a king does as much harm as the shot of a poacher. Only as I think it unnecessary to take this case before a communal tribunal,

here are five hundred frames for the fine, five hundred for my rifle, which you have confiscated and which I beg you to give me back, and five hundred for yourself. You have earned them."

UNFEADING.

I do not ask for love before,
That friends shall never be estranged;
But for the power of love, which
My heart may keep its youth unchanged.

—Selected.

For the Companion.

HUNTING THE OOMINGMUNK.

We were pitching camp, or rather building our snow-houses in which to pass the night after a hard day's journey, when from the top of a neighboring hill came the yelp of Eskapek-shouting, "ooming-munk oom-ma-nade!" (musk-oxen in abundance), as he turned his head toward us from the spy-glass which he had been surveying the distant hills.

From the time I entered the land of the Eskimos, I felt the keenest anxiety to participate in a musk-ox hunt, and as preparatory instruction I was often told by my friends among the natives how such a hunt is conducted, and they instructed me what I should do in case an emergency occurs, the musk-oxen took a notion to hunt the hunters.

Should I find myself in such a dilemma, I was instructed to get behind the largest boulder that was handy, and practise the art of dodging until I could reload my rifle, or friends or the dogs should come to my relief and raise the siege. Should the foe come so close as to render escape at all uncertain, I should throw off my fur coat, which would never permit sticking to thrust his horns into it.

Then I felt that what I most desired was an upper-



tunity to put my instructions into practice, and consequently when Lieutenant Schwatka's Franklin Search Party, of which I was one of the component parts, set out for King William's Land, I always took the deepest interest in the investigations made by the natives of tracks and other indications of the proximity of musk-oxen.

It may then easily be imagined that my joy quite equalled Eskapek's, when he made the announcement that introduces this article.

It had been the usual custom of this native, as soon as we reached a camping place at night, if there was still light enough to see at a distance, to climb to the top of a neighboring hill, stretch himself out on the ground, then arrange a block of snow or a stone as a support to the spy-glass, while with one eye at the instrument and the other closed only by dint of the most strenuous facial contortions he would scan the entire country ahead.

It was but a fitting reward for his patience and determination, that he should at last have the pleasure of proclaiming musk-oxen in sight.

The announcement was sufficiently interesting to suspend the building of snow-huts, and to call all the men to his side on the lookout mountain. Each one took his turn at the spy-glass, and each native remarked, "Umcheh" (yes).

When no turn arrived I prostrated myself upon the snow, and through the glass could see some thick specks upon the side of a snow-clad mountain about six miles off. These, I was told, were musk-oxen, which the Eskimos distinguished from reindeer by their being so intensely black. It was decided that we should wait over at this camping place in order to hunt these animals, as at that time we had but little meat upon our sleds.

The following morning the dogs were harnessed to two empty sleds, and all of our party were seated therein, except two women who were left to guard the snow-huts. The most profound silence was in vogue, and by our chief hunters, and all conversation was restricted to whispers.

On reaching the foot of the range of hills where the musk-oxen had been seen the night before, we crossed some tracks through soft snow, which our hunters declared to be those of the herd of which we were in pursuit.

All was excitement now, though we still spoke in whispers. The men threw aside their heavy outside coats, and, each taking a pair of dogs from the team, prepared for the chase. The long traces attached to each dog's harness were wound around his neck so that they remained but three or four feet to dog. Tied upon his ear, as I was told, were the dogs' ears, and they were caught by a track or string upon the trace, and this held while another ox would toss him upon his horns.

The tracks, which were fresh, led right up the side of a steep hill. During the preparations the dogs, well knowing what was in the wind, grew very impatient, and tugged hard at their traces.

Finally, our head hunter, as usual took the lead, going like a race-horse. The others were already on the trail, and as soon as I had thrown off my outside coat, away I went up the steep ascent as if that was the

last effort I would have to make, but when I arrived at the top Toolook was at least a quarter of a mile ahead, and the others scattered along the trail at various intervals.

My dogs were hurrying me along at a gait that already began to weary me, for I had very foolishly exhausted myself at the first hill. But soon I overtook Lieutenant Schwatka, with his head thrown back, and his hand raised. He had settled down to what he called his "calling trot," and together we passed slowly. Here I released my dogs so that I could go at a slower pace than their anxiety would permit.

That first hill had ruined me. If I had known that the chase was to be three or four miles long over a rough country, I should certainly have been more circumspect, and have hobbled my strength. All the dogs had by this time been released, and I could see them disappearing over the crest of a distant hill with the indomitable Toolook chasing upon their heels.

Just as Schwatka and I reached this hill we heard several shots fired, and putting on more speed we arrived at the top in time to see on the other side two huge musk-oxen stretched on the snow, and Toolook and five or six dogs pressing closely upon two others who were scrambling away as fast as their legs could carry them. The dogs were snapping at their heels, and they turned to bay. One of them caught one of our most enterprising dogs upon his horns, and hurled him over a precipice, then two shots from Toolook's Winchester carbine, delivered at short range, rang out upon the clear, cold air, and two more of these shaggy beasts were added to our game list.

During this chase I had learned that musk-ox hunting is a pursuit that calls for a vast amount of endurance on the part of the hunter. After the herd has been brought to bay by the dogs the animals are easily killed, for the hunters can generally approach with safety near enough to kill them with a rifle, a pistol, an arrow, or, as is sometimes done, with a spear, for they pay attention only to the dogs, and seem not to see the men. A good, long distance runner is the one who will be the most successful in hunting musk-oxen with the little tribe of Eskimos.

Eight months after this last chase, on the 10th of January, 1886, we had another musk-ox hunt, but then we were not successful in killing any game, having been forestalled by the wolves, which infested that country. But before that hunt was ended I had a narrow escape from being lost in those frozen wilds.

We had discovered, while on the march during the preceding day, some fresh musk-ox tracks, and the natives were anxious for a hunt. It was latterly cold, but we set out early next morning, each man with the traces of two dogs attached to his belt. After going several miles in a southeasterly direction, we came upon the tracks we were looking for.

The animals were apparently moving slowly toward the east, and they had frequently stopped to browse upon the moss that creeps everywhere abundantly in that country. A careful examination satisfied the natives that the tracks had been made two days previously, but it was concluded to follow them for a while, at my rate, and consequently we started off in Indian file, the dogs with their noses close to the snow, and tagging at their harness until almost choked.

Soon they all, both dogs and men, broke into a run, and I, thinking that few things could be quite so foolish as to run while following tracks two days old, proceeded more leisurely, and when my dogs began to snort I too impudently for me to hold them I let them go, and followed at a rapid walk. I believed that the first halt would bring the entire party down to a walk, or that they would stop and snort to wait for me, and then return to the *igloo*, or snow-huts.

Imagine, then, my surprise and disgust on reaching the crest of that hill to see the stragglers of the party just disappearing over a hill several miles further ahead.

I concluded that it was now worth while for me to hurry up and try to overtake them, because it would soon be dark, and this seemed such a hopeless task that it was not long before I abandoned it.

The reason of these people is to follow such tracks for two or three days, if necessary to overtake the musk-oxen, building a small snow-hut each night in which to sleep. This part of the chase is, however, usually done with sleds, on which there is carried some food, a lamp, and skins for a bed, for without all these things a snow-hut is but a very cheerless and uncomfortable abode, and white men would be in danger of having their feet frozen, as it is necessary to sleep in their clothing.

It was the expressed intention of the natives to follow this herd to the death, and I knew that Schwatka would remain with them. Therefore, the best thing for me to do was to return to the *igloo* while I still had some daylight to assist me. Even this was by no means an easy task.

Had I already been absent from the *igloo* about six or seven hours, and had been making an average of three miles an hour, or from eighteen to twenty miles altogether, so that returning by the route I came was almost out of the question, because it would soon be dark and I would not be able to follow the tracks.

The problem I had to solve was the finding of these snow-huts in a country almost dark and entirely covered with snow, the thermometer at 68° below zero, and the sun going down at about half-past two o'clock in the afternoon.

I determined as nearly as I could the position of the huts and set out in that direction, keeping always toward the left when compelled to deviate from my course, so that in case I missed the huts they would be toward my right hand and I would encounter our tracks, which were all to the left of the huts.

On my way I came upon many reindeer, but could not shoot any, as the lock of my rifle was frozen and

for the time being the weapon would only be made useful as a club.

I finally came upon the tracks we had made from camp that morning, and started to retrace them, but it soon grew too dark for me to see the footprints, as the sun had been down about two hours, and I found them when I crawled about on my hands and knees in my anxiety to keep the right direction.

Following what I believed to be the proper course, I at length found myself upon a hill, which I felt sure we had crossed that morning, on the margin of a lake where we had built our snow-huts the night before. If this was as I expected, I was not far from home. The land was so low and level that it was almost impossible to distinguish it from the even surface of the lake, but before long I became aware that I had left the lake and was walking over the snow-covered land.

For a long time I had distinctly heard the distant yelling and snarling of wolves. This community sounds so much like the noises made by dogs that I had been frequently cautioned not to be misled thereby, or I might sometime find myself alone in the clutches of a pack of wolves. I had at last walked such a distance from the hill that I knew I must have passed the snow-huts. The noise of the wolves, too, began to sound so ominously close that I thought it prudent to retrace my steps to the hill, which was my only landmark.

I now had before me the dismal prospect of walking back and forward throughout the whole of that long and dreary night, keeping always in view of that hill, from which I felt confident I could soon find the huts by daylight.

But sunrise was nearly fifteen hours off, and I had no knife with which to make a temporary snow-hut wherein to pass the night. If I lay down upon the snow to sleep in a temperature of 68° F. I could in all probability freeze to death by morning, if, indeed, not found and disposed of by the wolves before then.

There was, however, still a hope that I might find the huts by always keeping a little more to the left every time I walked away from the hill, so I commenced putting this plan into practice. When but a short distance from the hill on the second track, I was startled by a wolf, which came from the side of the lake in the right and circled in front of me and around to the rear, with its head and tail almost touching the snow. "Here, then," I thought, "is that horrible pack, and all I run to do is to club my rifle and fight until overpowered."

Creeping as softly as I could, I wheeled toward my foe, and, seeing a friendly way of escape, to my infinite delight recognized a reindeer, one of my own dogs. Turning my head then toward the snow-bank at my right hand, there I saw our three *igloos*, which I was just about passing, not forty feet away, and would have actually gone by had not Sair-mah come out to meet me.

All that there was by which to recognize the snow-houses from the surrounding snow was the light shining through a block of ice inserted in the front of each to serve as a window, and though I had passed out fifty yards in rear of them on my first trip from the hill, I had failed to see them.

Some had these, perhaps, who have been lost in the wilds can fully appreciate any joy at finding myself again within reach of my comrades. As I stooped down to crawl through the long, low passage of snow to enter the *igloo*, I met Frank Melius, one of our party, with some Coston Night Signals and a gun with which to indicate to me the location of the huts.

The hunting party had returned after finding that wolves had alarmed the musk-oxen and sent them scrambling away beyond reach. The Eskimos were very much alarmed for my safety, and feared that I was lost in a country where being lost means almost certain death.

Lieutenant Schwatka, however, assured them that there was not the least cause for alarm, and that I knew very well how to find my way home. It was nevertheless a great satisfaction to all, and to me more than myself, that I was safe in the *igloo*, and with an appetite to appreciate the dinner of cooked reindeer meat that had awaited the return of the hunters.

The Eskimos were profuse in their congratulations and compliments on my field knowledge, and said, "Shooniue Kooktoinkook tooookpook inna-suit," which means, "Oh! big Mosquito knows plenty."

Big Mosquito was my Eskimo name.

W. H. GLENN.

For the Companion.

AMATEUR WOODWORKING.

There are many pretty and useful things that can be made with a few tools by boys who have a taste for mechanical work. To construct them is an excellent training of patience, ingenuity and taste. For example, both a profitable and a pleasant use of tools is found in the making of natural wood picture-frames. A new and easy style for their construction is to be found in the illustrations given, many of which are to be seen in the annual picture exhibitions.

For the smaller frames, half boards are used of various widths, four inches wide being very attractive. To secure the ends when properly fitted, screw them



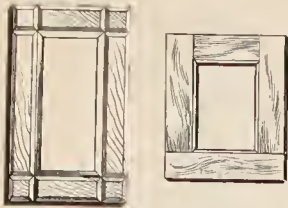
together in a variety of ways—some of which are suggested in the cuts.

If a heading of bronze or gold be used inside, the joints of the moulding will have to be cut with a level, using the diagonal rule in the interior. A fine saw, perfectly straight, will give very good joints, which may be secured with slender brads.

Excellent woods for these frames can be found in black ash, chestnut, oak, natural cherry, whitewood,

apple-tree wood, and many others that have an agreeable color or attractive graining.

If the rich cherry stain usually employed, is desired

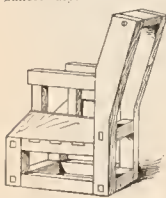


for the cherry frame, or the "notique" finish for the oak, the necessary stains can easily be obtained at a hardware or drug store. Some varieties of wood look very rich when oiled.

The frames may be made perfectly flat or with levels of various widths, as the taste and ingenuity of the worker may suggest. I have made a frame of white-walnut—some would do as well—with beveled joints. Upon it, as shown in the illustration, a branch of dead twigs was secured with brads, having first been made flat on its under side. The whole was then covered smoothly with silver bronze, which comes in a preparation that may be easily applied. The idea was taken from a frame in one of the picture exhibitions in New York City.

Those who are quite expert in handling tools may not find the making of an easy-chair too difficult for their powers.

In the one figured here-with, no part of the wood work is seen, the chair being entirely covered with upholstery—a condition of things which makes accurate fitting of joints and the use of expensive woods unnecessary.



The chair should be strongly framed with mortise and tenon joints, as shown in the illustration. For the frame, use two by two and one-half inch stuff, the two upright pieces in the back being cut from two-inch plank. Every tenon should be dovetailed when fitted to its mortise, as this will give great firmness. The seat is made by interweaving tightly three broad bands of upholstery's webbing, from front to rear, and from side to side. On these bands six springs should be fastened by sewing them to the webbing with stout twine. Over the springs stout cloth is stretched, on the cloth is placed the proper thickness of curled hair. The back should have the same stout cloth drawn tightly from side to side, and over it, a layer of the curled hair.

It will be well to cover the whole chair with some cheap cloth before putting on the more expensive outer covering, which may be of any material desired.

The appearance of the chair, complete, is shown in the illustration.

WEBB DONNELLY.

TEACHING "OUT WEST."

"I've had some very amusing experiences," remarked a teacher, "during the four years in which I taught 'out West,' and also made the discovery that the maternal heart out there is quite as loyal to her offspring as that of her Eastern sister.

"One morning the mother of a very dull scholar appeared at the door of the school-room. I was surprised at the visit, as the parents usually manifested no interest in my work. She was greatly excited.

"What's the reason my Susan Eliza hasn't been promoted, and what's the reason behind Hank's right about school of her last? My girl is a heap smarter now, and I've come to tell you to promote her or there'll be a fuss in the room."

"I replied that I could only promote scholars whose proficiency justified them out as deserving it,—where, upon her mother passed bounds, and she evidently took 'promotions' as a new way to pronounce 'promotions,' for she almost screamed, 'I don't believe Providence has anything to do with it, and you can't make me believe it neither, for all your nice airs and education. Now if she hasn't promoted by this time to-morrow you'll hear from her papa.' And so saying she left the school-house.

"At another time a girl of twelve years brought her little brother, a child of eighteen months, to school. Being unable to bear his noise, I told her to take him home.

"Mama's wushin' today," she replied, "and she sent him to get school of him, and if I take him home, she'll pack me back with him again."

"In the morning she came again with the boy. I sent her home and told her to tell her mother, if she wished her baby placed in my care, she would have to send a cradle and a nurse. In an hour she returned with him, saying, 'Mama said it would be too unkindly to be hagged the cradle home of Friday nights and taking it back of Monday's, so she said for you to just make a bed on the seats, when he gets sleepy, and I'll keep a eye on him.'"

"I sent her home again, with positive orders not to return with that baby to that school. That afternoon I heard some one fumbling at the door, and upon opening it, found girl and baby again.

"Mama she said that pap had put his school taxes, and she was a-gid to 'draw 'em out, and you couldn't hinder her.' I yielded, and the baby stayed."

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—T. Lowry, 32 Fairmount St., Cambridgeport, Mass.

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abandon her son, and he was no longer "a prince,"
but a human being.



For the Companion.

THE SNOW-BATTLE.

From the signs of the times it is safe to say
That the big white fort will be stormed to-day.
The besiegers stand in battle array.

And the enemy take position.
The drums are beaten, the trumpets blare,
The dogs are barking everywhere,
And every resolute soldier there
Has an armful of ammunition.

Their shout rings out in the frosty sky.
They charge—they pause—they retire and fly!
They halt—they form—and again they try
With reckless, wild endeavor.

Fiercer and closer the conflict grows.
Who cares now for a tingling nose?
He that first o'er the rampart goes
Is covered with glory forever.

Thicker and faster the missiles fall.
Hark to the leader's stirring call!
"Out! out! Over the wall!"
The enemy's ranks are shaken!"

Bravely and blindly on they
Go,
Facing a fearful volley of
snow!

Now on the height their banners
glow—
Hurrah! for the fort is
taken!
EPHORA S. HUMSTRAED.

For the Companion.

NAUGHTY JO-ANN.

"Hi! Hi! Hi!" shouted
Luke Moore, as his yoke of
calves, *Scott and Mac*, sped
on over the hard wood-roads,
with their load of beech
limbs on the little sled.
How they kicked up their
heels and pranced and shook
their heads in the brisk
winter air! Luke could
not keep up with their
nimble feet, and, grasping
the yoke as they galloped
on down the hill, waving
his good before their noses
to stop their mad career,
for not far ahead, at the
foot of the next hill, was
another little team with its
load.

But there was something
the matter with *that*. It
stood stock-still. Perhaps
it was stopping to take
breath. But Mac's head
was up for a race, and
Scott's tail stood in the air.

Puff—puff. "Out of the
road there!" again shouted
Luke, leaping on beside his
naughty runaways. "Don't
be—a—pi-i-i-g!"

"But Jo-ann won't go! She's laid down again!"
shouted Lena back to the on-coming teamster.

Just then there was a crash. The two teams
had come together. The sled lay down, the wood
flew into the air, and in half a wink away went
Scott and Mac, across the snowy fields toward
the barn, scared half to death at the racket they
had made, and bawling with all their might.

"Hub! 'Fore I'd have such a steer as that!"
sneered Luke. "Aint worth a row o' pins—to lie
down at the foot of every hill!"

"But she aint a steer at all, Luke Moore!" protested
Lena, in defence of her naughty Jo-ann, who
lay contentedly chewing her cud, and seemed to be
thinking instead of helping her mate pull the load to the top of the hill.

Luke jerked her by the guiding-rope tied to
her stubby horn, and Lena cuffed her ears, not
very hard, though—but Jo-ann shut up her big
eyes and kept right on chewing. She had had
cracked corn and clover hay for breakfast, and it
made fine ends. She liked it better than pulling a
heavy sled up-hill. Beside, it wasn't her busi-
ness to drag loads. She would grow to be a cow
some day and give white, sweet milk for the
babies to drink and the grandmas to sip in their
tea.

I don't know as that was what Jo-ann thought,
but she looked very wise and would not judge an
urch with all their pulling and cuffling.

What was to be done? Scott and Mac had
laid out of sight. It was almost dinner time, and
Luke and Lena were hungry. But they could
not leave Bet and Jo-ann to come on when
Jo-ann got ready, for they might get into trouble.
Luke was out of patience, and proposed
snapping a split stick onto her tail. But Lena
would not hear of it. Just then something

bumped against Lena's knee. It was a big
French Sweeting in her pocket, which she had
laken to the woods for a lunch.

Luke dabbed it against Jo-ann's nose. That
brought her to her feet, and out whipped her
long tongue to seize it. But not a taste would
they let her have. Luke went ahead, and held
the Sweeting about two inches from her nose all
the way up the hill, and she had helped Bet pull
the load to the top before she knew it.

Now Luke and Lena laughed at naughty little
Jo-ann! They had a mind to give the big Sweet-
ing to Bet, but Jo-ann looked so penitent that
they forgave her and gave her half.

After that, whenever Luke and Lena started
out to the woods with their teams, they took
along a pocket of apples. They found that coax-
ing was far better than beating.

For the Companion.

GUM.

"I hope you will never want to chew gum,
Angelina. I should hate to see a dolly of mine
chewing gum. You will never catch me doing
such a foolish thing.

"Of course I did use to, but that was nearly a
whole week ago.

"I know plenty of little girls—and boys, too—
that chew gum every day right on the streets.
And it does not look pretty, Angelina. If you
could talk you would say so yourself.

"And I know just a few little girls—and boys,
too—that take their gum with 'em when they go
to church. Isn't that too bad?"

"And the other night I went to our school con-
cert,—I would have sung in it only I had a cold
when they were practising,—and there was little
Laura Bascom, that has such pretty curls and big
brown eyes. What do you s'pose she did?"

"Why, she kept her gum in her mouth all the
time in the grand chorus, and chewed it some at
the end of every line. Now, Angelina, wasn't
that perfectly shocking?"

"But I know another little girl that did pretty
near as bad 'bout a week ago.

"She forgot and laid her gum right on the
what-not, near some sea-shells and pretty
stones.

"And there was company that day, and a nice
old gentleman was looking at the stones, and he
picked it up and said: 'Bless me! what sort of
stone is this?' and looked at the little girl just as
hard as he could.

"And her face was hot as fire, and she just
said, 'so you could hardly hear her. That's my
gum.'

"And then she just ran away to her own bed-
room, and didn't even go down to tea.

"No, Angelina, I'd rather not tell you her
name. But you'll never see me chewing gum
any more."

MAMMA sent Katy out of doors one day to look
for something she had lost. The little girl didn't
want to go. When she came in again mamma
asked:

"Why, Katy, was it you I heard crying?"

"Well," said Katy, "I b'lieve, mamma, I was
whimpering a little, but not enough to speak of."



THE SNOW-BATTLE.

For the Companion.

A RUNAWAY.

Ring the bell up, and ring the bell down;
Let the town-crier go all thro' the town.
Here he goes, there he goes. What does he say?
"Some one is missing—has quite run away!"

"Left us alone in the cold and the snow!
Where has he gone to? Does any one know?"
All the trees shiver and "play" they don't hear.
What has become of our runaway year?

JULIE M. LIPPMANN.

For the Companion.

THE TEMPERANCE LECTURE.

It snowed hard.
And outside the nursery windows the winter
wind was blowing almost a gale.

"What can we do now, mamma?" said the
five children who belonged to this nursery.

They had played "five little pigs," and visit,
and school, and their toys had somehow grown
tired of being played with, so Beth said:

"So mamma thought about it, and by-and-by
she said: 'Let's have a lecture-course, and each
give a lecture.'

"Oh, lectures are dry, aren't they?" said
Arthur.

"Not always," said mamma. "Beth shall
give the first one. So she can go over in the cor-
ner and study about it, and the rest of us can
dress up and lay out the tickets."

Arthur sold the tickets, and the twins, with Ned
and mamma, tied on long aprons and ribbons, and
sat in state in the front seats.

Then the lecturer, looking a little shy, came

forward and bowed, and the audience applauded
very loudly, and the lecture began.

"My subject is Temperance, and I do hope
you'll pay great 'tention, 'cause it's a very true
subject'. (Applause.) I do wish't men wouldn't
get drunk ever.

"It's so dreadful smelly to go by a saloon. I
don't see how they can.

"I wish't the police wouldn't let one saloon be
in this town, but I've often thought 'twas prob-
ably because they like them their own selves.

"If women, like you and me, mamma, were
policemen, we wouldn't have any such doings.
(Applause.) Men are generally meaner'n women
'bout such things. (Loud groans from Arthur
and Ned.) Course 'cept papa and some. (Arthur
and Ned think they are some, so they applaud.)

"The reason we are so rich (groan from
mamma) and well brought up (another), and are
such good children (great applause), is 'cause
papa is a 'spectable minister and can't do such
things as drinking and smoking without degrad-
ing us all. I never liked being a minister's child
till I thought about that. I always thought it
would be more fun to belong to a candy man,
and not have to be an example to other children,
but I feel more comforted about it now. That's
all."

Great applause, and the ringing of the tea bell
is heard.

L. E. CHITTENDEN.

One evening papa read to our Teddy the little
story about THE COMPANION Teddy, who man-
aged not to eat the hole in the doughnut. Our
Teddy thought a minute after the story was fin-
ished. Then he said: "Wasn't he a goosey!
Why, he couldn't eat the hole 'less 'twas filled
up, and then 'twouldn't be a hole, you know."



Enigmas, Charades, Puzzles, etc.

1.

ENIGMA.

Of 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, you all must have heard,
Who survived a whole night in 2, 1, 5, 3,
And how the King's finger 7, 2, 10, 16, 11, 4, 13, 12, 1
Against his enemies, you know.

How 10 p. 4, 1, 12, 13, 10 in summer 10 p. 1, 3, 7, 5, 9, 10,
And how on them sprinkles the 1, 8, 7,
How Southerners once were the 13, 12, 9, 10,
But now are our brethren true.

If these things you know, then 4, 3, 1, 5, 8, 1,
My whole you will readily find, 9, 12,—
An elegant lawyer, to plead,
A statesman and orator he.
In the first month, eighteenth, in our country's young
days,
Seventeen-eighty-two, this great man was born.

LILLIAN TAYSON.

2.

A FEW QUESTIONS IN NATURAL HISTORY.

1. What animal may cause an involuntary sigh?
2. What animal is the most tiresome?
3. What animal has the most feeling?

4. What animal is the mer-
riest?
5. What animal can protect
shipping?

6. What animal teaches us
to endure patiently?
7. What animal is the most
beloved?

8. What animal does a well
dressed man affect?
9. What animal is the
laziest?

10. What animal do base-
ballists love?
11. What animal is the
most conceited?

12. What animal has
learned a trade?
13. What animal sheds the
most light?

14. What animal often goes
with a letter?
15. What animal is the
most voracious?

16. What animal wears a
garb of woe?
17. What animal, if of ex-
ceptional size, would be wor-
shipped?

18. What animal comes
with a storm?
19. What animals live and
thrive in Wall Street?

20. What animals are we
most anxious to hear of
every day?

3.
HIMSELF WHEELS AND
HUBS.

1. To 9. A prickly shrub.
2. To 10. To bar.
3. To 11. A mountain men-
tioned in the Bible.
4. To 12. To travel.
5. To 13. The ancient Celtic
race.
6. To 14. The goddess of fire.
7. To 15. Foreign.
8. To 16. The people distinct from the clergy.
Primer of verbs.—A designation given to such
days as Christmas or Easter.
The hub.—A church day occurring on January 6.

No. 2.

1. To 9. To ridicule.
2. To 10. To provoke food.
3. To 11. A ferocious animal.
4. To 12. A confederacy.
5. To 13. A town in Newfoundland.
6. To 14. Fertile.
7. To 15. A scripture proper name (female).
8. To 16. A Jewish month.
Perimeter of wheel.—The name of a German com-
poser, who was born on January 8, 1810.
The hub.—The name of a distinguished philanthro-
pist, who was born on January 17, 1798.

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Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

1. Epiphany.

2. 1. If the grass grows in Janivair,
It grows the worse for 't all the year.

2. A January spring
Is worth a thing.

3. March in Janivair,
January in March, I fear.

4. If January equals be summerly gay,
'Twill be wintery weather till the calms of May.
5. The blackest month in all the year,
Is the month of Janivair.

3, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16,
'S t a n d a t t h e p o r t .
17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31
T a l o f t h e o p e n i n g .
32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45,
y e a r , w o r d s o f c o m -
10, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62
f u r t h e r e t h e h a s h i n g
63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71,
e v e r y f a r a r .

Key words.—Understand, fun, hog, fantasy,
property, restore, flourish, vestal, hoof, weight,
moment.

4. 1. Timothy Thimble. 2. Wizard of the North.
3. Rhin. 4. Little Thimble. 5. Funny Fern. 6.
Timothy. 7. Horn of the Nile. 8. Desdemona. 9.
Ancient Mariner. 10. Aorick.—Twelfth-day.

